

SPORTING
REMINISCENCES
OF
SOUTH AMERICA

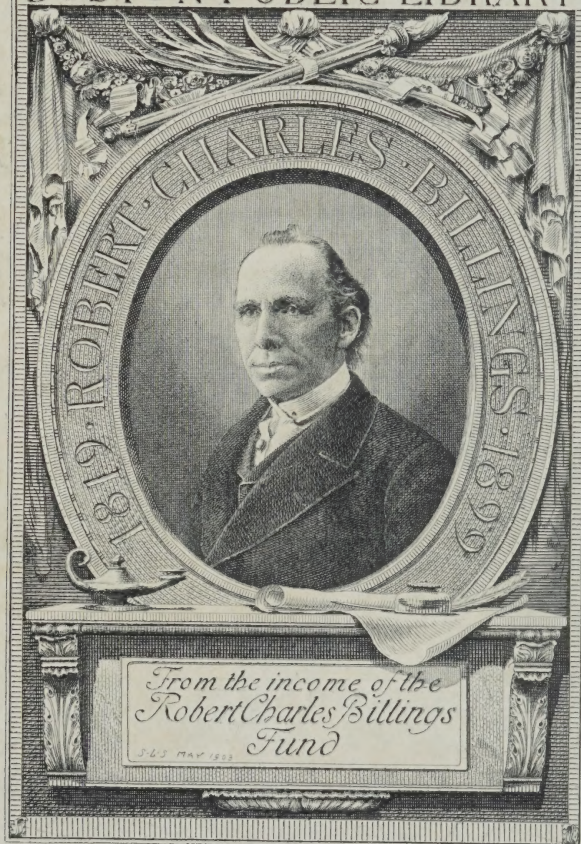
1919-1921

BANDERAS



No 4003.248

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY




Boston Public Library

This book is to be returned to the
Library on or before the date last stamped
below.

Sporting Reminiscences
of
South America
1919 - 1921

PRINTED BY
RIDDLE, SMITH & DUFFUS,
WINDSOR HOUSE, KINGSWAY,
W.C. 2.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
Boston Public Library



MAP No. 1.
SOUTH AMERICA.

Map shows places on the coast visited during 1919-1921. Places inland and on the rivers Uruguay, Parana and Paraguay have not been included.

Dotted squares show position of large scale maps found in body of the book.

Rough length of coastline 10,000 miles.

Sporting Reminiscences
of
South America
1919 - 1921

H.M.S. Southampton

BY
" BANDERAS "

LONDON
RIDDLE, SMITH & DUFFUS
WINDSOR HOUSE, KINGSWAY

Bellings
May 22, 1923
7

DEDICATED TO
A. T. H.
AND TO THE
BRITISH COMMUNITIES
OF
SOUTH AMERICA.

FOREWORD.

A chance remark to an old shipmate over a cocktail in a well-known spot in Regent Street was the real origin of this production.

The war was over—I had been appointed to South America and he was bound for China. We were both enthusiasts over shooting, and the talk had turned to the sporting possibilities of our respective stations. We had both promised in the interests of “those that follow after” to put our experiences on paper, so that the newcomer would have some information to go on, if he cared for sport with gun or rod. So I kept a diary and, in a weak moment, informed my mess mates that I contemplated writing a book. They kept me to it, and their efforts and my previous promise have spurred me to activity. As the reader will soon discover, I am no literary expert, but, if he can bear with my simple and bad English, I think he must find interest in the pages of this book. The last two years have been a unique experience, which was emphasised by coming so soon after the war. I have carefully left out all reference to “shop.” This book is intended to be a recreation of the mind by telling of the recreations of the body, whether in the tropics or in the bestial cold and damp of the south. We all kept very fit. Too much stress cannot be laid on this important factor. Fitness makes for sound work and sound play, and enables one to keep up interest in both. It is chiefly due to the unbounded energy and personality of A. T. H. that we remained, and I hope always will remain, such a “happy band of brothers.” It has not been possible to mention all the estancias we visited, or all the many charming hosts who entertained us during the two years sojourn in South America. I very much regret leaving any of them out, but, if all were included, it would mean constant repetition, as so much of the shooting was run on the same lines. Lack of space is also another reason for this omission. In my descriptions I have tried to explain every

FOREWORD

variety of shooting and sport generally which we experienced, and I only hope that my poor efforts have, in some measure, attained this object.

In endeavouring to keep to the point (viz., shooting and fishing) when compiling the following chapters, I have continually had the feeling that those non-shooting or non-fishing members of the British community, who gave us such a good time, have rather been left out in the cold. Let me state now, and by so doing express the opinion of us all, that the tremendous reception and welcome we received from the largest to the smallest British communities in South America *cannot* be forgotten. It would take a far longer book than this, a much more facile pen than mine, to record adequately the very many happy times we had in their company. The memory of their hospitality and kindness will always remain with us.

The usual trouble has arisen over the number of photographs to be included. It is a difficult proposition to pick about a hundred photographs out of twelve hundred. Many, of necessity, have been left out, but I hope the final selection will give some idea of our journeyings.

Hasta luego.

BANDERAS.

September, 1922.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

URUGUAY RIVER.

PAGE

"Ginger" and "Foch"—First shoot at Colonia—Much ado about roads—Mosquitoes—"Ahlee"—Martin Chico —Asado—Estancia Concordia—Peons—Fray Bentos— Estancia Bellaco—Bichadero—Shooting over a Wire— Deer stalking—Carpincho—Estancia Conchillas . . .	1
---	---

CHAPTER II.

BUENOS AIRES—CANUELHAS—IBICUY.

Buenos Aires—A word about railways—A peon's discom- fiture—Canuelhas—Casares—Ibicuy—Musings on duck shooting—Paranacitos—Estancia La Esmeralda—Estan- cia El Triunfo—Arrival at Rosario . . .	11
--	----

CHAPTER III.

TUCUMAN.

Departure for Tucuman—Concepcion—Mr. Shipton—The Santa Rosa Puesto—Dogs—Mesada Puesto—Corzuela— How to shoot peccary—Final journey into the mountains —The return trek—Amblings of Parnall—Embarcacion .	17
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

SANTA ELENA—EGG HARBOUR—FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Departure for Falklands—Cavy—Santa Elena—Copitone —Rheas—Egg Harbour—Guanaco drive—Rabbits on Valdes Island—Arrival at Port Stanley—All about birds— Mr. Bennett—Wild cattle—Fruitless expeditions—Mare Harbour—Goose drive—Loggerheads—Penguins—En- throning a Bishop—Murrel Cove—Lively Island—Back to the River Plate . . .	28
--	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
MONTEVIDEO—PUNTA ARENAS—MAGELLAN STRAITS— PATAGONIAN CHANNELS—TEMUCO—VALPARAISO.	
Start for the West Coast—The Magellan Straits and Pata- gonian Channels—Punta Arenas—Our journey through the Channels—Ashy-headed Geese—Indians at Eden Harbour—Talcahuano—Fishing at Larraquete—Fishing on the West Coast—Temuco—9 lb. Salmon—Arrival at Valparaiso—Californian Quail—Visit of President . . .	35

CHAPTER VI.

CALLO—JUNIN.

Arrival at Callao—Visit to Junin—Short description of the railway—Mountain sickness—Oroya—Change to Cerro de Pasco Railway—Arrival at Lake Junin—Shooting and headaches—Home-made food—Man Friday—Our bag on the journey back	40
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

MOLLENDO—CUZCO—LA PAZ—ARICA.

Arrival at Molendo—Arequipa—Native sportsmen at Cañaguas—Buying skins at Juliaca—Cuzco and Incas— Shooting from Cuzco to Puno—Adventure with Andean Geese—Duck shooting on Lake Titicaca—Inca remains Guaqui—La Paz—Journey to Arica—Second trip to Cuzco—Shooting with Bolivian Army—Success with the trammel at Arica	45
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

COQUIMBO—ANTOFAGASTA—JUAN FERNANDEZ— PUERTO MONTT—MAULLIN.

Coquimbo—Antofagasta—Departure from Juan Fernandez —Pigeon shooting—Goat stalking—Lobsters and Cavalli —Liberating the Quail—Puerto Montt—Ancud—Expedi- tion to Maullin	54
--	----

CHAPTER IX.

PUNTA ARENAS—TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Arrival at Punta Arenas—Telling of various expeditions into the camp—Tierra Del Fuego—Second visit to Punta Arenas—Tall stories—Conder—Record duck shoot at Fenton—"White Horse"	59
---	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER X.

	PAGE
USHIWAIA—PYRAMID COVE—MALDONADO— BAHIA BLANCA.	
Spanish Harbour—Visit to grave of Allan Gardiner—The “ woodcock ” of South America—Ushiwaia—Trip up the North-West Arm—Beagle Channel—Copitone at Pyramid Cove—Darwin’s Tinamou—Sport with the Argentines— “ Cual ” and “ Gaucho ” join the kennels—Pedro Luro —Labour day in Bahia Blanca—La Colina—San Anselmo —Antics of a duck—Steeple chasing in cars—Disaster— Curumalan—A word about trout in the Argentine— Viscachas	68

CHAPTER XI.

GUAVEJU—LINCOLN—HEREFORD—AMEGHINO— URUGUAY RIVER.	
Mr. Bridger—Parrots—Miller’s disturbed repose—Accident to “ Cual ”—“ Hereford ” and “ Nick ”—Estancia San Martin—A burnt Burberry—“ George ”—Aeroplane’s arrival—Pat and Cock Fighting—A record shoot of mar- tinetta—The lagoons of Ameghino—Return to the Uruguay River—Carpincho—Capture of young nutrias —Estancia Santa Isabel and snipe—Estancia Torre Alto— Parvo del Monte—A four-in-hand in the dark—Coursing hares—The death of “ Gaucho ”—More buck at Bellaco .	77

CHAPTER XII.

IBICUY—ZARATE—AMEGHINO—MADARIAGA—YEARLY BAG.	
Trip to Medanos—Ring-necked teal—We strike the mi- grating snipe—The Yellow Peril—Mud larking—Shooting wounded duck—A pigeon drive—Early morn and a poor bag—Our year’s bag—Egrets—Stormy weather at Mada- riaga—A human retriever—Bahama Pintail	85

CHAPTER XIII.

IBICUY—MONTERAZ SHOOTING—SANTA FÉ.	
A regrettable incident avoided—“ Kenny ”—All about Monteraz—Santa Fé—Señor Casanella—Shooting the Islands	93

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE

PARAGUAY RIVER.

A busman's holiday at Corrientes—Something about Chaco Indians—Hill and Estancia Victoria—The wild and woolly West—Amusing incident with an antbear—Peccary—"Bichas"—On the sand-banks—White-faced tree duck at Goya—Esquina and mosquitoes—Close of the shooting season	100
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

BAHIA—TRINIDAD—PANAMA CANAL—WEST COAST— PYRAMID COVE.

The ocean rod—Caroni swamp—Sangre Grande—Le Bronche Ruin—Manzanilla—All about pigeons—Lucky shoot at alligator—Tarpon fishing in the Gatun dam—Chimbote a blank—Pochard—Movements of Golden Plover—Guemales River—Success with the deer—White-faced duck—Quicksands—A difficult walk—Cracker Bay—Mar del Plata—Unexpected news—Return to Buenos Aires	108
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

DORADO FISHING—LAST SHOOT AT HEREFORD— AMEGHINO—CURUMALAN—FAREWELL.

Parnall on dorado—Chiefly clothes and long baths—Floods at Hereford—Martinetta scarce—Curumalan—Renewed acquaintance with "Ahlee"—A discourse on horse training—Leave-takings	118
---	-----

APPENDIX.

Containing list and short description of the swan, geese, duck, tinamou, snipe, and plover found in South America, and worthy of a place as game birds	127
--	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
PLATE I	
En route to Colonia	
Our Baggage Bugged	2
PLATE II	
Through Flooded Country to Estancia Bichadero	
An " Asado " or Roast, Estancia Concordia	6
PLATE III	
Carpincho and Racoon, Fray Bentos	
Bag of Camp Deer or Gama, Estancia Bellaco	8
PLATE IV	
Estancia Bellaco	
Group at Canuelhas	12
PLATE V	
" Juan "	
Some of the Expedition	20
PLATE VI	
Equipped for the Monte	
Sugar Cane stacked at Concepcion	22
PLATE VII	
Fifteen Thousand feet up in the Andes	
Parnall's Cave	24
PLATE VIII	
Penguins at the Falkland Islands	
Parnall with Upland and Brent Geese	30

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
PLATE IX	
About to Enthroned the Bishop of the Falkland Islands	
Bag of Upland Geese	32
PLATE X	
Indians of Patagonian Channels	
Their Homestead	36
PLATE XI	
The Party at Larraquete	
The Devon of Chile (Cajon)	38
PLATE XII	
Ticlio. Sixteen Thousand feet up in the Andes	
A Zigzag on Aroya Railway	42
PLATE XIII	
Last Stage of the Journey to Junin	
Our Abode during Junin Trip	44
PLATE XIV	
Landing at Mollendo	
Natives and Llamas at Sicuani	46
PLATE XV	
Reed Boat, Lake Titicaca	
Shooting with the Bolivian Army, Rio Desaguadero	48
PLATE XVI	
Idol at Tiahuanaco	
Ruins at Tiahuanaco	50
PLATE XVII	
Street in La Paz, Bolivia	
Remains of Inca Fortifications at Cuzco	52
PLATE XVIII	
Laying out the Trammel	
Starting out for Maullin	56
PLATE XIX	
At Kimeri Aike	
Two Hours Bag of Duck at Estancia Fenton	60

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
PLATE XX	
The Macpherson of Gringos Duros	
A Garden in the Patagonian Wilderness	64
PLATE XXI	
Gold Sifting in Tierra del Fuego	
Peckett Harbour Lagoons	66
PLATE XXII	
Cape Horn	
Glacier in Beagle Channel	70
PLATE XXIII	
Group at Curumalan	
A. T. H.	74
PLATE XXIV	
The Ubiquitous " Ford " in Difficulties	
Shooting over a Wire at Espartilla	76
PLATE XXV	
Siesta at Guaveju	
Lunch at San Martin	78
PLATE XXVI	
At Hereford	
Cock Fighting, Hereford	80
PLATE XXVII	
Lowe and Morris varying the Sport by a " Joy Ride "	
Duck Hide at Estancia San Martin	82
PLATE XXVIII	
At Ibicuy Station	
<i>En route</i> to Paranacitos by Hand Trolley	86
PLATE XXIX	
The Crowd waiting to come on Board at Santa Fé	
With Kennard and a Motor Trolley near Cordoba	96
PLATE XXX	
Party at Rio Segundo	
Monteraz Country, Rio Segundo	98

ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE XXXI	FACING PAGE
“ Petersfield ” at Asuncion	
The Camp at Estancia Victoria	100
PLATE XXXII	
The British Minister	
Bonham on a Strange Mount	102
PLATE XXXIII	
Skinning the Ant Bear	
Ant Bear	104
PLATE XXXIV	
Pitch Lake at Trinidad	
A Catch with the Ocean Rod	110
PLATE XXXV	
Torp's Smile of Success, Gatun Locks	
Flags Triumphant, Gatun Locks	112
PLATE XXXVI	
Tarpon Fishing in the Spillway, Gatun	
Guemales River showing the Glacier	114
PLATE XXXVII	
Tesh with Dorado	
Dorado Fishing in the Uruguay River above Concordia	118
PLATE XXXVIII	
Parnall with Salmon at Concordia	
Ahlees' Offspring at Curumalan	120
PLATE XXXIX	
Morris and “ Pat ” at Hereford	
Group at Ameghino	122
PLATE XL	
Boosting a Horse out of the Corral	
Horse Taming. Ready to Mount	124

LIST OF MAPS

MAP No. 1

SOUTH AMERICA.

Map shows places on the Coast visited during
1919-1921 *Frontispiece*

MAP No. 2

Topographical Map of Central Railway of Peru FACING PAGE 40

MAP No. 3

Map showing Trips to Cuzco, La Paz and Antofagasta 45

MAP No. 4

Rough Scale Chart of Punta Arenas district and Tierra
del Fuego 35

MAP No. 5

Map showing Uruguay, Parana and Paraguay Rivers 11

CHAPTER I

URUGUAY RIVER.

Reference Map No. 5.

June 7, 1919.—What a day to remember! We had just started on a trip up the Uruguay River. There was promise of good sport, and everyone was as keen as mustard. While at Montevideo A. T. H. had been lent a nice-looking pointer called "Ginger," and Harwood had purchased an animal, resembling a pointer, called "Foch." Ginger proved quite useful, but was impossible at first. When he saw a hare, he invariably broke away, and, oblivious of the curses hurled after him, would chase "puss" until too tired to continue. After many pepperings he much improved, some said through being so well trained; others, less kindly disposed, attributed it to the weight of lead in his hind-quarters! Foch never was much use as a sporting dog. However, he was a most affectionate animal, and we were all very sorry when he died, after an inglorious career, from foot-and-mouth disease.*

That evening the ship anchored off Colonia, and Mr. McCloughlin, the manager of Mr. Drabble's estancia, came off to tell us that the latter had placed the estancia at our disposal. It was arranged that two buggies should take most of the party, the remainder to go on horseback. How thankful I was later that I decided to ride! McC. assured us it only took about twenty-five minutes to do the trip, but, as the roads were bad owing to the recent heavy rains, we might take a little longer. In fact, the journey took just under five hours! Bad is too mild a word to express the state of the roads—they were appalling! Made up of holes three feet deep, enormous ruts, fords where the water

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

came well over the axles, and mud everywhere. How the journey was completed without either buggy capsizing will always remain a mystery. Each was drawn by four horses in single line abreast, and even the united efforts of these were only just sufficient to pull the vehicle out of some of the holes it fell into. The horse-back party fared better—although there were many anxious moments when the horses slithered about in all directions.

The estancia was very prettily situated, and surrounded by orange and lemon trees, groaning under the weight of fruit. The country, like the whole of Uruguay, consists of miles and miles of undulating plains with here and there a large wood of eucalyptus trees, which grow very well in these parts. These plains are divided by wire fences into enormous paddocks, some of them being three or four miles square. The chief game is the small spotted tinamou, commonly called "chico"; hares, also, are numerous. Very few martinettas are now found in Uruguay, and only five were bagged during our whole trip up the river. The result of two days' shooting far exceeded our expectations, the total head for 13 guns being 775. The mosquitoes were rather troublesome during this trip, and most of us had many lumps and bumps, but our host tried to console us by saying that it was only because we were new-comers that they enjoyed us so, and that we wouldn't notice them after a week or two. After two years' experience of them I can now assert that, if anything, mosquitoes like me better than ever. All sorts of evil-smelling mixtures are produced to keep them off, but I have never found any of much value. A veil is fairly effective, but most uncomfortable on a hot day, and next to impossible to shoot in, especially at dusk, when the mosquitoes are at their worst.

Before leaving Colonia, Parnall picked up a very nice pointer called "Ahlee," which he bought for a few dollars from a "peon," who couldn't afford to keep him. From the first this dog possessed excellent shooting qualities, and, under the very careful tuition of his persevering master, proved a most capable performer in the field. He was the only dog that outlived the whole two years, and, when last seen, was the father of six splendid pups, and had found an ideal home at Curumalan.

Our second shoot was at Martin Chico. It was very hot, and our host, Mr. Bell, was loth to shoot in the afternoon until



EN ROUTE TO COLONIA.



OUR BAGGAGE BOGGED.

OLD
LIBRARY

SOUTH AMERICA

someone mentioned our bag at Colonia. He immediately became full of energy, and refused to let us quit shooting until we had topped our previous bag by eight head. It was here that we met Paul Chambers, one of the best of sportsmen, and I must tell this little story about him. The day was hot and Paul was fat. The game cart, following the line of guns, carried drinks and spare cartridges. About every quarter of an hour Paul returned to the cart for more cartridges, and always seemed to come back greatly refreshed. Towards the end of the day, although he appeared to be shooting a lot, Paul never returned to the cart. When evening came, with parched lips we rushed to the cart for drinks, and, behold, "the cupboard was bare!" Also, Paul, do you remember that duck you said you shot through the head with a revolver at 200 yards?

At Martin Chico we had our first "asado" or roast. A sheep is killed, cleaned and cut in half. These halves are then spitted and roasted over a log fire in the open. It is the normal way of cooking meat in the camp. The method of eating your meat is to go to the carcase as it sizzles over the fire, and cut off the bit you like, and then, holding the bone in your fingers, detach chunks of meat with your knife, dropping them straight into your mouth. I have never known meat taste so delicious. The "peons," or native farm hands, are colossal meat-eaters, and some have been known to consume a whole sheep each in a day. The average man's allowance in the camp is five pounds a day.

On *August 14* we arrived off Nueva Palmeira, where Estancia Concordia stretches right down to the water's edge. The following day, Ricketts, the manager, came down and took three of us to the estancia. We started off in two cars, attended by four peons, needless to say on horseback, with ropes of raw hide to extricate us if we got into difficulties. We started by getting completely bogged, and, after many vain efforts of the horses to pull us out, eventually had to shift to the ubiquitous Ford, the only car for the Camp. After careering across country through mud, long grass, thistles, etc., we fetched up at the house. Comprising about 81 square miles, the estancia maintains a stock of 10,000 cattle and 25,000 sheep. I mention this to show the amount of work entailed in branding, dipping, and inoculating this vast number of beasts. All cattle here are inoculated against

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

anthrax, and every heifer and sheep is dipped once a fortnight in some special preparation to remove ticks. The work of the camp starts at daybreak, and ends at sundown all the year through. The food of the peons never varies from meat and "maté," the latter a herb, not unlike China green tea, which is moistened with hot water and sucked up out of a gourd through a strainer. It is very sustaining, and supposed to be excellent for the "inner man." The peon is always in the saddle during the day, and uses it as his bed very often when having to sleep out in the camp. Hence the bundle of rugs and sheep-skins which form the major part of that most uncomfortable article called "the native saddle." I never got used to one, and I think we all preferred our English saddles. When used to it, people say they would never go back to the English saddle after the native. The life and work of the camp is practically the same all over South America, and I don't intend to enter into further details of camp life. Suffice it to say that the many "patrones" and "peones" we have met in the course of our wanderings have always been the same healthy and cheerful people, full of companionship, and the most hospitable crowd that one could meet anywhere.

I have digressed.

At Estancia Concordia we made our first acquaintance with the wildfowl and snipe. A large marsh ran along one side of the camp, here and there intersected by small lagoons. The duck and snipe are not plentiful up the river until June and July, nevertheless we bagged eighteen duck and teal, comprising rosy-billed duck, brown pintail, grey teal, and yellow-billed teal. The snipe proved to be the ordinary common variety, sometimes called Paraguayan. Only a few were shot. It was while waiting for duck near the reeds that Ricketts pointed out a very interesting work that was being carried out by the ants, on a huge ant-hill. Over every entrance to the hill armies of ants were building little miniature porches, very hard and firm. This, he told me, was a sure sign it was going to rain, and these porches were being hastily built to keep the water from running off the top of the hill into the entrances. It was a beautiful day without a cloud in the sky, and I was naturally rather sceptical. However, that night it poured with rain. The next day I visited the ant-hill, and there, sure enough, one could see where the

SOUTH AMERICA

water had washed down each side of the porch, leaving the entrance absolutely dry.

On *July 21* we left Estancia Concordia with many regrets, arriving at Fray Bentos the same day. Our bag at Concordia totalled over 800 head, chiefly "chicos." It is at Fray Bentos that Liebig's produce the famous "Lemco" beef extract and preserved beef. The factory is situated on the water's edge, and we were able to get alongside their wharf. It was most interesting to go over the works, and to witness the killing, cleaning and skinning of a full-grown heifer, the whole operation taking three minutes. The work of this firm during the War was colossal. Over 1,000 cattle were killed at the factory daily, and, in all, over 250 million tins of bully beef were turned out for the Allies in France.

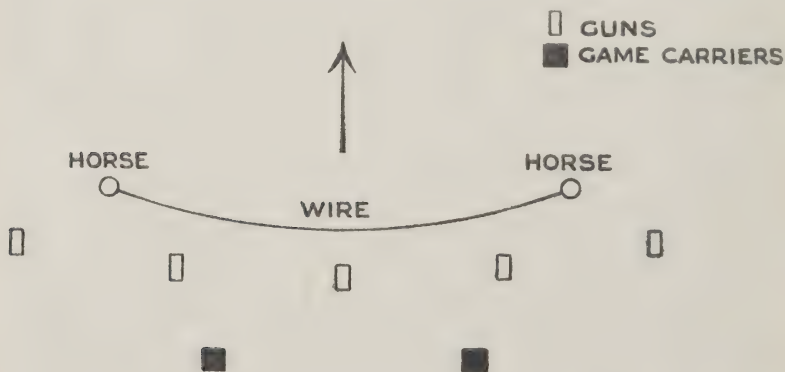
Shortly after our arrival, Mr. Eland came on board with the glad news that he had arranged for seven of us to go up to the Bichadero, the show estancia of the company, on the following day. What a trip! Three hours by train brought us to Bellaco, where Mr. Rymer, the manager of Estancia Bellaco, met us, and he and his charming wife entertained the party right royally at lunch. Our mode of transport, for the remainder of the twenty-five mile journey, was in four-in-hand buggies. The country in places was badly flooded, and the roads awful. Added to this, the horses in one buggy were jibbers, and at every hill or patch of water we came to they refused to go on. This difficulty was finally overcome by one of the peons, who was riding with us, tying one end of his lasso to the pole of the buggy and making the other end fast to his saddle. He then rode ahead of the carriage horses, not taking any strain on the lasso, and invariably after this they followed his lead up hill or through water, without demur. We changed horses at a little wayside place, half way to the estancia, and here found our luggage-cart, which had gone on ahead, completely bogged. By taking all the gear out, and putting on extra horses, it was eventually pulled clear. We finally reached our destination at dusk, and were there met by the Correntino manager, Antonio Navone, and his wife. They couldn't talk a word of English, but, luckily, Rymer and another Englishman, called Gepp, had come along with us, and they did all the interpreting. Antonio and his wife looked after us extraordinarily well, and did every mortal thing for our comfort.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

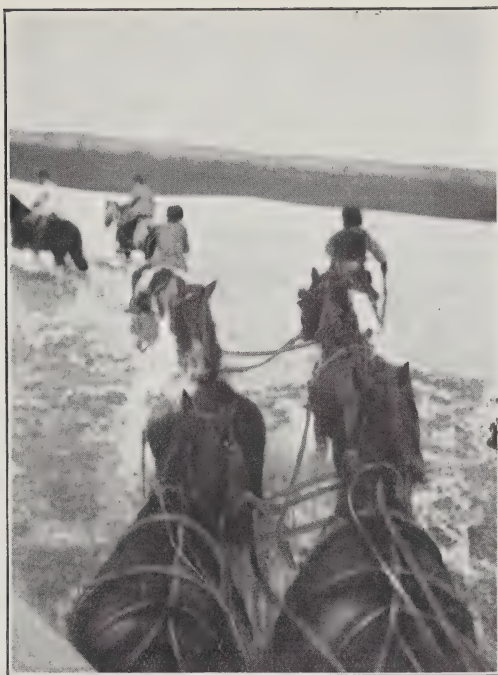
Every morning before breakfast we went for a good gallop, and then walked hard all day shooting. We covered an enormous area of ground, and amassed big bags. The largest bag was 540 head, mostly "chico." Only a few snipe were seen. On the big day A. T. H. bagged 225 partridges and 3 snipe to his own gun. The camp was magnificent, 60,000 acres, on which are 15,000 Hereford cattle, 4,000 sheep and 600 horses. The house stands on a hill surrounded by trees, from which the name "Bichadero" (look-out) is derived, as during one revolution these trees were used as look-out posts by the "Reds."

Before coming to the Bichadero we had done all our shooting over dogs, Ginger, Foch and Ahlee being the canine representatives. Here we were to experience, for the first time, shooting over a wire. It is very effective over even ground covered with stubble or short grass, but quite useless in scrub or high grass. Two peons ride with the wire between them, the ends of the wire being made fast to their saddles. The regulating of the speed of the horses takes a lot of care, and the keeping of the wire at a sufficient tautness calls for much skill and practice. Wheeling is also difficult. After a time the peons manage the wire very well, and, with game carriers behind on horseback, little delay is experienced.

DIAGRAM SHOWING SHOOTING OVER A WIRE.



One day the peons gave us an exhibition of lassoing. It was most interesting to watch, but only one man had brought



THROUGH FLOODED COUNTRY TO ESTANCIA BICHADERO.



AN "ASADO" OR ROAST, ESTANCIA CONCORDIA.

SOUTH AMERICA

it to a fine art, and he was exceptionally accurate, getting his animal every time. We learnt later that he was one of the few remaining real old "gauchos" of the early camp days. Modern mechanical appliances and fencing have largely done away with the necessity for learning the art of lassoing, and neither horses nor men get sufficient practice to make them proficient.

We also made an expedition to the Rio Negro, about twelve miles away, to try for a martinetta. In this particular spot was some very long grass, which they love, and Navone had seen several birds there recently. We walked the whole way there and back, shooting *en route*, and although the martinetta proved very scarce (we only shot two), the whole day was most enjoyable. There were several small herds of camp deer (gama) about the camp, but, as we hoped to get some better deer shooting at Bellaco on our way back, we did not pay much attention to them. I rode out into the camp one day for them, and after about three hours' riding managed to shoot a fine buck. Unless any cattle rounding has been going on in the vicinity, the deer are usually quite tame. It is best to approach as near as possible on horseback, as a man walking will frighten them. After dismounting, continue to approach, keeping the horse between yourself and the deer, and when within range lie down and let the horse go on. I do not advise this method if your horse is at all excitable, as you will never catch him again in the open camp. Most horses are trained to stand as soon as the reins are allowed to drop to the ground.

On the 27th we bid farewell to Bichadero, having decided to sleep that night at Bellaco, and try for deer the next day. Rymer had mentioned that he had seen two or three eight-pointers (the normal head is six points), and we were all very keen to bag one of these exceptional heads. Each gun was given a horse, and a peon, and a certain area of camp to range over, a rendezvous being arranged for lunch. Everybody was successful in bagging a deer, but all were six-pointers, good heads, but it was disappointing not seeing any eight-pointers. After lunch we went out again, having decided not to shoot unless an eight-pointer was sighted. No one had any luck, although several deer were stalked to within fifty yards before the stalker discovered they were only large six-pointers.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

There was rather an amusing sequel to this day's deer stalking. About a month later Rymer appeared at Montevideo, and, as we were lying there at that time, came on board. We were all very pleased to see him, and, during a conversation on the shooting, he mentioned that he had found a dead cow in one of the paddocks the day after our shoot. On skinning it, a rifle bullet was found to have killed it. All and sundry denied having done it, but after many heated arguments he laughingly produced the bullet. The only rifle it fitted was Hallett's. Yells of laughter greeted the exposure !

A few days later Hallett sent Rymer a cheque for £1,000 on the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, having found an old cheque book which he had had in China years ago. I hope the cheque and bullet have now been placed in a prominent position in the paddock, as a future warning to cows and as a testimony of their worth ! (Rymer ! did he really kill the cow ?)

That evening we returned to Fray Bentos. Those unlucky ones, who had not been fortunate enough to come to the Bichadero, had been having an excellent time ; shooting and unlimited riding at Estancia Pileta, managed by Mr. Macdonald, who was kindness itself. While here a very amusing incident occurred.

One day about fifty horses had been sent down for the men to ride. A somewhat portly seaman, who had never been on a horse before, suddenly announced his intention of having a " joy ride," and forthwith climbed on to the nearest horse. The horse went off full-speed, with our rotund Jorrocks bouncing on his back like a sack of potatoes. This frightened the horse, and he bolted in full earnest. Every one there was rather perturbed, especially as the horse was making for a very precipitous cliff with about a thirty-feet drop to the bank of a river. And then—horrors ! horse and man disappeared over it. An immediate rush was made to retrieve the corpse, when suddenly the supposed corpse's head, the colour of a beetroot and pouring with perspiration, appeared over the top, and the owner in a somewhat awestricken voice murmured, " Gawd ! that was a wunner," and without further comment sat down to mop his face ! He had landed in a bush just over the top of the cliff, and the horse, rolling down to the bottom, was retrieved later, quite unhurt. Providence certainly looks after sailors.



CARPINCHO AND RACCOON, FRAY BENTOS.



BAG OF CAMP DEER OR GAMA, ESTANCIA BELLACO.

SOUTH AMERICA

Several of us enjoyed some quite exciting shooting of "carpincho" (cabybara) up a small river just below Fray Bentos. The "carpincho" is a rodent, weighs about 90 lbs., and in appearance is very like a colossal guinea-pig. Their skins, when tanned, make excellent leather, which is largely used as saddle covers by the peons. A pull of a mile, and the skiff is at the entrance to the river. Paddles are then substituted for oars, and while two paddle, the other two guns watch a bank each, with rifles ready. Providing the paddles are handled well, the boat can be propelled with absolute silence, which is essential to success. The banks each side are slippery mud, covered with dense undergrowth, with here and there a fairly clean patch. It is in these patches the carpincho are usually found, about sunset. When frightened, they make a noise exactly like a "Klaxon" horn, and the slightest sound is sufficient to give the alarm. They are very quick of sight and hearing, and, if surprised, will immediately emit one of these extraordinary sounds and slither into the water, where they remain hidden until the danger is passed. If not killed stone-dead they almost invariably manage to kick and slide into the river and sink. The carcass usually comes to the surface two or three hours later. With practice, we became adepts at propelling the boat quietly and "spotting" an animal in the undergrowth, but, in the early days, a "Klaxon" horn and a splash was very often the only intimation we had of the presence of a carpincho and a lost opportunity. While up this river we also bagged three racoons, which were sitting in a tree some way from the bank.

Two brothers called Symonds, whom we met at the Bichadero, had a novel way of catching carpincho in the Rio Negro. They would go away in a canoe with a large supply of stones and two home-made harpoons. Cruising about until they came across a carpincho swimming the river, they would immediately pelt it with stones until it dived. A carpincho cannot stay under water very long, and, in a broad river like the Rio Negro, it was possible to see him come to the surface for a breather. More stones, and down he would go again. Before long he was very short of breath, and, eventually, was reduced to bobbing his head out of the water very frequently. Continuing the stone-throwing, they would pursue in canoes and, after an exciting chase,

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

were usually able to harpoon the half-drowned beast and tow it ashore.

On the *30th July* we left for Montevideo, stopping for two days on the way down at Conchillas to pay a visit to Mr. Walker at his estancia. We spent a very pleasant time there in his company, and had good shooting. Birds were not so plentiful as further up the river, but we obtained our first specimen of that extraordinarily pretty bird, the Brazilian teal, on one of the lagoons on this estancia.

CHAPTER II

BUENOS AIRES—CANUELHAS—IBICUY.

Reference Map No. 5.

August 12 found us at Buenos Aires, much too busy to think about shooting. Official functions and banquets were the order of the day. Most of the latter were given in honour of Sir Reginald Tower, the popular British Minister, who was returning home for a rest after his very strenuous work during the War. Towards the end of our stay, three of us got away for a two days' trip to Canuelas and Casares. The British Military Attaché, Colonel McClymont, and Mr. Eddy, the manager of the Southern railway, were our hosts.

I must write a word here about the railways. All the railways in the Argentine—and there is a veritable network of them—with the exception of two, are run by British companies with British managers. Nearly all the higher posts in the railways are also held by Britishers. Their kindness to A. T. H. and to ourselves was extraordinary. The railways concerned invariably gave us a reserved coach to take us to whatever part of the country we wished to go, wait for us, and bring us back. Without this help our many trips into the country, which enabled us to see a number of interesting places, to enjoy magnificent shooting, and to stay with our many friends in the camp, would have been impossible. I here take the opportunity of offering them our sincere thanks, and wishing them the best of luck in the future. A family coach, such as we were always given, is a wonderful contrivance. Some differ slightly from others, but, as a general rule, they are constructed thus. In the centre are three or four cabins, each having two bunks, a shower bath with hot and cold

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

water (some have a long bath), and electric light ; at one end is the kitchen and the railway servants' quarters, and at the other end is a luxurious sitting-room, with comfortable arm-chairs, fireplace, tables, and everything one can want. The carriages are always very well sprung, and one could not travel in greater comfort. On this occasion we travelled in Mr. Eddy's private coach—the last word in coaches.

The country, unlike Uruguay, was flat and very uninteresting. Miles and miles of camp, with here and there a village or "pueblo." Going by road was not so comfortable. The recent heavy rains had made the roads very sticky, and in some places one met large "pantanas" or ponds right across the track. It was while struggling through one of these ponds that a very amusing incident happened, amusing, that is to say, except for the individual implicated.

We had chains on the tyres of the car, and during our struggles through the water one of them came off. Having eventually emerged, we stopped to consider how to recover it. While discussing the situation a peon rode up, evidently on his way to see his best girl. He looked very resplendent in snow-white "bombachos," new riding boots and hat, silk shirt and scarf, and velvet coat with silver facings. He was riding a young and very nice-looking horse, and his saddle and trappings were all inlaid with silver. A perfect picture. We explained to him what had happened, and he very nobly offered to look for the chain with a bit of hooked wire we had found. When right in the middle of the pond the wire caught the chain, but, on lifting it up, he somehow got it mixed up with one of his horse's hind legs. *Caramba!* The fat was in the fire. The horse took fright and commenced to buck. Nobly hanging on to the chain, the peon stuck it for some time, but eventually an extra violent twist and buck unseated him, and our resplendent object was deposited, flat on his back, in the middle of the mud and water. The horse bolted, but stopped about a quarter of a mile further on. The peon got up, mud from head to foot, still grasping the chain. Having thrown it to us, he took off his hat, and without a word turned away to follow his horse. What his thoughts were I don't know ; he took no notice of our shouted thanks and commiserations, but I expect his muttered oaths had a lot to do with "loco ingleses" (mad Englishmen).



ESTANCIA BELLACO.



GROUP AT CANUELHAS.

SOUTH AMERICA

Our first day was devoted to "chicos," the bag being fifty, and the second day we visited a large lagoon at Canuelhas. The lagoon was about a mile and a half long and a quarter of a mile wide, covered with tall reeds, seven feet high, and two to three feet depth of water everywhere. The only stands were in the middle of the reeds. Men on horseback kept the duck stirred up, and soon the air was full of them. Shooting was difficult, and as no dogs could possibly remain with the guns in that depth of water, we had great difficulty in recovering the birds. About forty must have been shot, but we only gathered a dozen or so. Unfortunately, we could not stop for the fighting, which was rumoured excellent, as we had to get back to Buenos Aires that night for a function. As it was we started late, but our special was up to it and we got back in record time. Half an hour later we were in uniform doing the polite. Such is life!

On *August 18* we sailed for Rosario with a prospect of two days' duck shooting at Ibicuy. How glad we were at the decision to call there!

Duck fighting to my mind is the most fascinating shooting in the world. Take the evening flight. The setting sun throwing golden lights over the water, gradually fading into red and pink as the sun sinks lower and lower. The reed beds, the many noises of the water fowl and the marsh inhabitants; and otherwise stillness. Even one's dog, sitting quietly alongside with ears twitching and continually pricking, seems to be enchanted by the scene. And then—hist! The dog pricks his ears, he gazes intently on the distant marsh, and a slight tremor shows his suppressed excitement. There, in the distance, black specks are approaching. As they come nearer one can make out the V-shaped mass distinctly, and presently is borne to one's ears that perfect noise of the whistler. Yes—they are whistlers—widgeon. They are coming right over my head—no, they swerve slightly, and will pass over the next gun. I crouch lower in the hide. Now they must be on top of him. There—the barrels of his gun suddenly appear with the light of the dying sun reflected on them. Bang—Bang—. The phalanx splits, the tail passing over me. Bang! and as I fire I hear a thud and a splash, my companion has made good shooting. My first shot is fired too quick. Steady! Bang! Ah! The second shot has told, and the tail bird, crumpling in the

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

air, falls with a thud on the bank of the lagoon. Good dog ! Fetch him out there. I will get this one. Crash into the water he goes and retrieves my companion's bird. He has already gathered the other.' Without a word we retire again to our hides—words are almost a sacrilege now, plenty of time for them over the fire after a bath and dry clothes.'

Back in the hide one ruminates over that first miss, idly scratching the mosquito bites the while, as this particularly vicious and annoying insect never fails to take his opportunity of a meal. The dog shivers slightly against my knee. The sun dips below the horizon. . . . I could go on drivelling like this *ad infinitum*—but now to work.

Ibicuy, the chosen spot of all sportsmen who know its attractions, led me astray. We struck the place by chance.' Mr. Jewell mentioned it casually while we were at Buenos Aires. A. T. H. fastened on it like a tiger and here we are.' It is a small village, situated on a tributary of the Parana, in Entre Rios. The railway ferry steamers ply between here and Zarate, linking up the Entre Rios railway, running from Buenos Aires to the interior.' Although no more than a village, consisting of a few small houses and huts, Ibicuy possesses a fine jetty, which ocean-going steamers can get alongside, two large grain elevators capable of loading 800 tons a day, several big "galpones" and, above all, the finest snipe marshes in the country. There were only two Englishmen in the place, Captain Boyes, running the ferry service and railway, and the contractor. The former met us on our arrival on *August 19*, and informed us that General Harrison, the manager of the railway, had telegraphed directing him to afford us every facility for getting up country for some shooting. He had also obtained permission for us to shoot over the marshes and lagoons which bordered the left-hand side of the railway, for the first five or six miles, as far as Paranacitos. Further, Captain Boyes told us of a very good duck lagoon on the right bank about half a mile directly inland from Paranacitos. That afternoon four guns boarded a cargo train and ran up to Paranacitos to reconnoitre. The floods had rendered the marshes useless for snipe to within a mile of the station, but, from here onwards, the ground looked excellent, and, from the train, many snipe could be seen in the air. Half-an-hour's shooting produced

SOUTH AMERICA

twenty snipe, and then a move was made to the lagoon. The prospect was not bright, as the whole of the right bank of the railway appeared to be endless sand dunes. We plodded on, the going being particularly heavy. Half an hour brought us in sight of the marshes, and the lagoon could also be seen in the distance. To surround this large sheet of water was out of the question, but a strip of dry ground, containing scrub and a few trees affording excellent cover, was found dividing the lagoon from the neighbouring marshes. It was decided to stand here for the fighting. Many flights of duck were seen to leave the water for the marshes, and careful note was made of the direction of the flight. Fourteen duck and teal had been added to the bag before we reluctantly had to pack up and stumble our way back over the sand dunes, in pitch darkness, to the railway line. I shall never forget our trip back. All soaking wet, sitting in the darkness in a carriage alive with mosquitoes, all talking at once about the best way to shoot the place, and in the highest spirits at the thought of the morrow's shooting.

An early start was made. Captain Boyes had retrieved a passenger coach from somewhere and tacked us on to a cargo train. The coach was left at Paranacitos to be picked up by the night train. Seven guns formed the party. One couldn't have wished for better shooting. Divided into two parties, the guns were able to keep the snipe continually on the move. What sporting birds they were! On getting up they did not fly low along the ground, as some snipe have a habit of doing, but seemed to spring straight in the air and, twisting and diving in every direction, were continually passing backwards and forwards over the guns. By lunch time we had gathered seventy-five head. The cartridge expenditure is not recorded!. It was decided to explore the lagoon further in the afternoon, and then to place the guns for fighting in the position we had noted the day before. The long strip of dry ground previously mentioned was found to extend far inland and was full of "chico" partridges.

Before going to our hides for the fighting, we had bagged over eighty. The fighting was completely successful. Unfortunately, we started late, and were still shooting when it was nearly pitch dark. Hence many birds were lost, but forty (chiefly rosy-billed duck) were added to the bag before we started

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

back. The mosquitoes at sundown were very troublesome, but were quite forgotten in the excitement of the shooting. It was only on the way back that ominous bumps, itching fiercely, made their appearance on face and hands. The following morning we had to go on to Rosario, further up the Parana, but twice again will Ibicuy figure in this narrative, the last time nearly ending in a tragedy.

Between Ibicuy and Rosario the banks are continuous marsh and reed beds, but, owing to the heavy floods, shooting amongst them would have been impossible. The whole way up flights of duck were continually crossing the river, also large numbers of black ibis. Incidentally, this bird is very good eating but poor shooting.

While we were at Ibicuy, another party of four guns visited Mr. Whitworth's estancia, La Esmeralda, at Quiroja. Floods made their travelling over the country very difficult, and on many occasions the fences had to be cut to get the cars off the road into the drier camp. It was here that martinetta were first seen in any numbers, and the first white-faced tree duck was shot. This party also had a five hours' shoot at Mr. Lomax's estancia, El Triunfo, on their way back to Rosario. The shooting was excellent, their bag consisting of over 130 head, including martinetta and duck. On arrival at Rosario, social events, all very enjoyable, were much too numerous to allow of any respite in the way of shooting. After the first wave of gaiety had expended itself, some of us were able to take advantage of an invitation from Mr. Campbell to visit his estancia in Tucuman.

CHAPTER III

TUCUMAN.

Reference Map No. 5.

After a pleasant dance ending at 2 a.m., A. T. H. and five of us collected a miscellaneous assortment of clothes, guns, rifles, and bedding, and made off for the station, where our reserved coach was in readiness to take us on the thirty hours' run to Concepcion. The scenery is dull and uninteresting, the country being flat as a pancake and nothing but pasture land, or camp as it is always called, until on approaching Cordoba the beautiful hills can be seen in the distance, and remain in sight well into the province of Tucuman. Before arriving at Concepcion, our final stopping place, the magnificent snow-capped peaks of the Aconquija mountains come into view. The valleys and lower slopes are covered with dense green forest. Nearer still, stretching right to the railway, are the sugar plantations, alive with men cutting the cane, while others attend the never-ceasing stream of large-wheeled mule-carts used for transporting the cane from the fields to the factory, which is almost alongside the station.

On arrival we were met by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Shipton, the latter being the manager of the factory, who has a charming house quite close to it. He possesses the finest collection of Argentine birds in the country, and it was most interesting to make a close inspection of the many varieties of wild fowl and game birds, which we hoped to run across in our future travels.

Having sorted our gear—"glad rags" to remain behind, "flea bags" and a few oddments of clothing, guns, etc., to go on the pack mules—we were taken round the factory. Most interesting! I wonder how many people know the process of

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

turning the brown viscous sugar into white ? It is very simple. Whirl it round in a large receptacle at high speed, and spray for a few minutes with ordinary Reckitts' blue mixed with water ! And there you have it.

After lunch we started off in two cars for the hour's run to the edge of the forest, where our riding mules were in waiting for us. The pack mules with gear and food had started some hours earlier. The trip through the forest was delightful. The vegetation is absolutely tropical and very thick, being quite impenetrable off the beaten track, except by hacking a way through with knives. One great blessing was the complete absence of flies. In the summer they are a perfect plague, and there is a lot of malaria in the district. The mongrel pack that accompanied our cavalcade was an extraordinary collection of dogs of all shapes and sizes, most of them bearing scars of the chase. These dogs are inveterate hunters of every living animal ; their favourite quarry being the wild pig or peccary. The leader of the pack was a large black dog called "Moreno." Half his nose had been torn away in an affray with a pig, and his lower jaw was badly scarred. He was a very plucky dog, and his death the following year must have been a great loss to Campbell. No one knows how he met it, but he was found one morning in the forest torn to pieces, probably by a puma.

We camped for lunch in a little clearing about 1 p.m. Just as we were finishing the pack gave tongue about a mile away. Dropping our turkey bones and grabbing rifles, we rushed off, thinking the dogs were on the track of a wild pig. However, soon after there was silence, and presently a breathless peon appeared to inform us that the dogs had treed a puma, but the latter, considering his perch somewhat slender and insecure, had bounced down amongst the pack and, before they could get hold of him, had made off into the dense forest up a most precipitous path, which the dogs could not negotiate.

Back to the mules somewhat disconsolate and, after another two hours of riding through the forest, we arrived at the Santa Rosa Puesto (3,000 feet), which was Campbell's lower shanty. There he had rigged a large and a small tent, in which we were to spend the night. Here we met his wife, who looked after us very well, and her organisation of the commissariat was marvellous.

SOUTH AMERICA

Very cold that night, but a couple of extra blankets on the flea bag and I slept like a log. Up at daybreak, and after breakfast to mule and off to the higher puesto, called the Mesada, 10,000 feet up in the hills. We were still in the forest. We reached the Mesada about 3 p.m., after a most delightful journey through gorgeous woods. Some of the trees in the forest were over 200 feet high. The mountains were now in full view and made a magnificent spectacle. In the distance could be seen the higher hills of the Aconquija range, the three most prominent peaks being Horqueta (19,000 feet), Santa Rosa, and Solco. About 3,000 feet below them were hills very sparsely covered with trees, the limit of these trees could easily be distinguished. Sloping gradually away from these were more hills, very precipitous in places and densely covered with forests. The puesto was in a small hollow surrounded by hills. Around the hut were a number of almond trees in full bloom, and we frequently saw humming birds flitting amongst them. In the morning, as the sun rose, the higher hills turned a brick-red colour, gradually fading into a soft purple. These colours, contrasting with the bright green of the lower hills, made the prettiest and most wonderful picture I have ever seen, impossible to describe on paper and, unless one has seen it, hard to believe. Savage Landor, in his book on South America, has a very realistic coloured illustration of a similar scene.

After a meal we each went our separate ways, taking a peon and some dogs with us. It was surprising to all that in this vast wealth of feeding ground and utter solitude there were so few signs of wild animals. It can only be accounted for by the fact that the natives have a reprehensible habit of allowing their dogs to hunt in packs, absolutely wild. These dogs are extraordinarily plucky, and I have seen them rush into the hollow trunk of a tree and drag out an old wild pig without the slightest hesitation, although two of them got a pretty bad mauling. They hunt everything, from the little "corzuela" (*subulo rufus*) or little red deer, to the jaguar and puma. Some dogs are especially trained to hunt deer, and are very useful in running down a wounded animal, but it is essential to keep them on the leash until required. They have a very keen sense of smell, and will always give warning of the presence of deer. The going was very hard. We were

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

about 11,000 feet up, and the rarefied air and very steep climbing soon reduced us to a panting, perspiring mass. We returned at dusk all thoroughly tired, the bag being two pig, killed by the dogs, and two corzuela. After a meal, we all congregated round the stove and got a good fug up, as the night was very cold, and, after yarning about an hour, got in our flea bags and slept like logs till day-break.

After a hasty toilette we divided up and again ranged the hills in search of sport. We came across the spoor of a tapir during the day, but the Indians pronounced it as two days old and, as the camp was a long way off, it was not considered worth while following up. Everyone felt much better at climbing to-day and kept on the go the whole time. The morning's bag was two pig and one corzuela, shot by A. T. H. at 250 yards across a ravine, a very good shot. In the afternoon I went out with Juan (Campbell's headman) to try for a shot at a wild turkey. Although we heard them I never got a chance of a shot. As it was getting dusk some dogs gave tongue about half a mile away. Juan mumbled "chancha" (pig) and started off at the run, with me blundering after him. I was just beginning to wonder if I could keep Juan in sight when the dogs again gave tongue, quite close at hand. On getting up to them I found Juan very busy cutting away branches and undergrowth round the foot of a big hollow tree, and a pig somewhere inside could be heard snapping his teeth. Unable to see any exit that a pig could get through, I was rather astonished to find the dogs sitting down, apparently taking no notice of the proceedings. However, Juan continued poking about round the tree, and finally asked me by gesticulations to fire into one end to try and frighten the pig out. This was done without any apparent effect. The snapping of teeth continued unabated. It was now getting very dark, and as we were a long way from camp with a very stiff climb down in front of us, I decided to shoot the pig in the tree if I caught sight of him. It went very much against the grain as being an unsporting way of getting the pig, but there was no alternative, and at the first opportunity I shot him. Then to my disgust and astonishment Juan went round to the back of the tree, and, after scraping about, pulled out a huge log with which he had effectually sealed the only exit before my arrival! He pulled out two pig. My first shot had



"JUAN"



SOME OF THE EXPEDITION.

SOUTH AMERICA

killed one without either of us knowing it, and, according to Juan, the dogs must have been on the track of a whole herd. They were excellent specimens, and Juan carried them back comparatively easily, his only comment during the whole journey being "mucho calor" (very warm). On our way back we met the rest of the party, who had come out to look for us, fearing some accident. I was very much chaffed when I owned up to the method of killing, but I had had to work very hard for it, which was some compensation. Campbell asked Juan why he had closed the exit, and he replied that he had promised him he wouldn't let the English guests come back empty-handed, and so wasn't taking any risks!!

That night we decided to brave the cold and go right up into the higher hills the following day in search of guanaco and Peruvian buck (guemal). Accordingly, at daybreak we broke camp and started on mule-back for the day's trek. The going was awfully difficult. We lost two pack mules over one precipice, but luckily they were recovered little the worse for their shaking. One mule had unfortunately sat on the bread ration, reducing it to crumbs, but otherwise the gear was recovered. The mules were wonderful, and I remember, at one particularly precipitous bit, solemnly swearing I would reverence the very name of mule if we all got to the top safely. In some places we had to get off and let the mules follow us. Going down was as bad as going up and necessitated constant adjustment of girths, as a saddle sliding forwards or backwards might have produced fatal results. The scenery was magnificent, and I don't think I have ever enjoyed a day's trip more.

We camped that night, at a height of 14,000 feet, alongside a mountain stream. We were now practically at the tree limit and well above the clouds. Three slept in a small tent we had brought with us, and the rest slept out in the open. The days were hot, and a good sluice in the icy water of the stream was most refreshing after the day's work. All next day we scoured the hills in search of game. I got a lucky shot at a guanaco, much to the delight of Juan, who was my gun-bearer, and two guemal fell to the rifles of Campbell and Hallett. We also came across one herd of ten guanaco, but they were too far away to get a shot at. Late that afternoon we spotted a herd of seven buck, which

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

we should have got in shot of had not one of the peons, not a hillman, thinking he was lost, suddenly uttered one of the piercing yells with which they call to each other. Although he was a long way from the buck the herd took fright and went off at the double, leaving Campbell and myself blowing and swearing, as we had had a very hard climb to get up to them. We were then between fifteen and sixteen thousand feet up and well beyond the trees. The air was very strong, but owing to our having been two days at the lower puesto we were more or less acclimatised, and none of us suffered from mountain sickness, though two of the peons had it. Needless to say they were not hillmen, and caused much amusement amongst the latter. That night the weather, which had been excellent the whole trip, took a turn for the worse. The camp was enveloped in cloud, and rain fell most of the night. However I slept well, only waking up once when a mule nearly trod on my face.

The following day we broke camp and trekked all day over the most difficult country back to the Santa Rosa puesta. A very tiring trip, but by this time we were all fit and didn't mind it. Arrived in the puesto about 3, and, after a cup of tea, A. T. H. and myself went down to the Haya River with a rod and a "Jock Scott" to try our luck with the trout. After an hour's fishing we had got three splendid fish of over a pound each and one of half a pound, a most fitting ending to the trip.

Dawn saw us wending our way back to Concepcion, and, after a pleasant two days' stay with Mr. Shipton, we continued our journey to Rosario, having been ten days away and not having a dull moment the whole time.

I forgot to mention the old Inca remains that one can see in the hills. There are several ruins in an excellent state of preservation on the top of the Santa Rosa peak. The walls of the citadel are visible from the Mesada puesta. Inside the walls can be traced the remains of streets and houses, and one of the old roads down the mountains, marked by large boulders on each side, can still be seen in certain places. The native hillmen are very superstitious and fear to go anywhere near these places. There is a small lake up there called the "Lake of Treasure," which is believed to be guarded by a large green duck. Anyone who sees the duck expires immediately! In this lake are supposed to



EQUIPPED FOR THE MONTE.
(Note leather shield in front of saddle.)



SUGAR CANE STACKED AT CONCEPCION.

SOUTH AMERICA

be buried all the treasures of the old Inca kings. They are said to have made an enormous gold chain which went completely round the walls of the citadel, and used to be put there on "fiesta" days. When the last of the race was dying out this chain was supposed to have been solemnly buried in the lake. There are all sorts of interesting caves and subterranean passages round the citadel; unfortunately, in most places their walls have fallen in. Campbell had several bits of old pottery which he had picked up. 'I only wish we could have prolonged our stay and got to work there with a spade !

On our arrival at Rosario we received the sad news that "Ginger" had been stolen while out for his evening's constitutional near the railway. He was never recovered, and his absence in the field was keenly felt.

In *August* of the following year Parnall made a visit to the same country, but keeping more to the northward of our beat in the Aconquija mountains. His narrative is so full of interest that I insert it here just as received :—

"When I arrived at Concepcion. Mr. Shipton took me in hand and made me welcome in his delightful house, whilst he arranged for an expedition in the mountains.

"It has been mentioned elsewhere that Shipton has a splendid collection of Argentine birds. I believe I am right in saying that he is wanting but fourteen varieties of birds that are known to have been seen in Argentina at some time or another."

"I was glad to be able to improve the occasion by digging out from his store of information details of some of the rarer ducks and other sporting birds."

"Campbell happened to come down from his 'mountain fastnesses' for polo on the Saturday, so he took me back with him as far as his Mesado Puesto. When he returned Shipton sent two splendid peons with me—Varela, a mountaineer, and Rudolfo, who was really Shipton's valet, a capable cook and a very handy man with mules; incidentally he puts up a game of polo if they happen to be short of a player. We had, for transport, three riding mules, two pack mules, with a bell mare and enough food for a fortnight, provided I shot some meat."

"Campbell and I had two clear days hunting in the forest in the Mesada Puesto, which we had reached on the second day from Concepcion. The first day was on the ground where A. T. H. shot the corzuela last year, which the peons now call 'La Loma Grande del Almirante.'

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

"Here we ran into a troop of seven pig, and bagged five of them. One charged Campbell, who, administering the *coup de grâce* to another, had only time to leap to a fallen tree and shoot him as he passed between his legs.

"The second day started with snow, and it was close on 9 before we set out to a valley of Campbell's estancia, which he himself had never visited. After smoking out a pig, which the dogs had run to ground, we got on the track of a tapir, and Juan said we were very close behind. However, the 'rastros' (spoor) became fainter and fainter, finally disappearing in some impossible country.

"Meanwhile, the dogs got going and hunted what was believed to be a corzuela, and we saw no more of them. There was only one way out of the valley we were in, so, as time was getting on, we gave up the hunt and retraced our steps, well content to get into a fat chair before the great wood fire and, incidentally, to divide a bottle of the 'old fruity' as we talked of the history of the various heads and skins about the room.

"To my great regret, Campbell had to leave me next morning to complete a cattle deal, so at 9.30 a.m. my cavalcade started upwards and, by steady going until close on 6 p.m., reached a cave some 5,000 or 6,000 feet higher, near the Pueblo Viego—Inca ruins—where I stopped four nights to hunt the guanaco. Down south, in Patagonia, the guanaco is a poor quarry, but here, in the mountains, it's a very different matter. There is no cover except rocks, the lie of the country, and you can be quite sure that if you show yourself within 800 yards of a herd they will be off like streaked lightning, and you will never get a shot at them that day. I suppose the first day I must have got up to 18,000 feet, on mules as far as the Divide and then on foot. Giddiness and other signs of approaching 'puna' warned me to go slow and work round the mountain side. Varela kept in touch below, but Rudolfo with the mules (by a misunderstanding) remained at the Divide, where it was blowing and freezing hard all day—very faithful, but rather stupid of him, I thought. After a time, Varela spotted two guanaco below and, almost at once, we heard their peculiar 'neigh,' a sure sign they scent danger. We ran, and that did it! I had a chance at about 200 yards, but put up my rifle at 'safe' and, by the time I had corrected this, I was so weak, as the result of running, that I could not get 'on' until they were some 300 yards off, and missed completely. We then came down on the Pueblo Viego, where the most wonderful piece of scenery met the eye. Through 180° of horizon we could see for 100 miles across the plain, whilst at our feet was the forest country with its foothills, where the rivers showed white amongst the trees."



15,000FT. UP IN
THE ANDES.



PARNALL'S CAVE.

SOUTH AMERICA

"I was feeling too ill to take much interest in the Inca ruins, but bucked up when Varela spotted a herd of guanaco two or three miles down the slopes, and with the glasses I was able to make them out with the old stag, standing up on a rising piece of ground on watch. Then followed a two hours' stalk, but I couldn't get within 250 yards of the herd, and the old stag was on the far side getting very nervous. I was, therefore, lucky to drop one of the young stags, and returned to camp well nigh done. Poor Varela had then to go and call home Rudolfo, who arrived cheerful but bluish.

"Two days later I was again successful. Besides guanaco, we saw a wild cat, large numbers of a type of viscacha (like rabbits with squirrels' tails), a few large mountain partridge (*Tinamou Pentlandi*), and a couple of the large seed snipe (*Attagis*).

"I had left my gun at Concepcion, so did not shoot any small game. I was very fortunate to have good weather at the cave, especially as it started to snow hard within an hour or so of our leaving. On the way down we stopped at a puesto, where a jaguar had taken a donkey two nights previously. It was a question whether to have a try for him or not, but jaguars don't come back to their kill and are fast travellers; so I decided to give it a miss, as I particularly wanted to visit Jujuy, where Messrs. Leach have a sugar enterprise, and great estancias on the Bolivian Border, a country we had heard a great deal about.'

"On returning to Concepcion I spent a day or two more with Shipton, appreciating the luxuries of civilization, and then he passed me on to San Pedro de Jujuy, where I arrived two days later, and was made very welcome by Don Walterio and Don Estephen (as they are called), and Mrs. Stephen Leach and family, with whom I stopped. The estancia La Esperanza is an enormous enterprise. The great sugar crushing and refining plant is supplied with cane from the adjoining plantations by light railways, and from the outlying plantations by the State Railway (when it feels like it). There is a large staff of Englishmen employed in connection with the business, and they seem to be a very happy family. Polo, golf, tennis, etc., supply the amusement at the week-ends, as well as the inevitable football for the natives. The labour in the plantations is done by Indians from the Chaco, who come each year, very thin and woebegone, to return, six months later, well fed and rich in this world's goods. Don Walterio is the great white Cacique for hundreds of miles. What he says goes, but when the Indians get back to their own country they do as they like, and that's pretty beastly, if report is true. All sorts of flowers and fruits grow easily both here and at Calilegua, further up the line, where Mr. Robert Smyth manages one estancia for this purpose alone.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

"In the neighbourhood of San Pedro there is little opportunity of sport. It is true that, on a drive through the monte, one is very likely to meet a small deer, but there are too many people about to make it safe to shoot. This deer is very like the corzuela in the forest of Tucuman, but is of a dull colour all over, instead of distinctly red with a grey head. The natives call it a corzuela; however, though I believe in the chaco proper, it is known as a Guasuncho. There are said to be partridges, i.e., Tinamou, in the hills, but I did not go far enough to see any.

"Leaving San Pedro, I went up to rail-head, the town of Embarcacion, on the far side of the Bermejo River. Here Mr. Archibald Paull manages Tres Pozas, another of the estancias, and he was able to give me a wonderful duck shoot on one of the numerous lagoons in the neighbourhood. Paull, his No. 2, Stower, and I drove out to the lagoon, where we separated, and I chose a position on a piece of hard ground, which, peninsula-like, almost divided the lagoon into a smaller portion of perhaps 500 acres, and a larger one which stretched away for miles.

"At the first shot a great quantity of duck got off this smaller reach and flew right over me, so that I had a very hectic ten minutes or so and my gun got too hot to hold. After that it was quiet for half an hour or more, and then they started coming back in ever-increasing numbers—for the next two hours, in fact, until all my cartridges were expended. I kept three Indians, who were with me, as busy as possible wading in and picking up. It was here that I came across the muscovy duck—an enormous duck, black, with white wing covers. They fly low and straight, so, though no doubt they are moving fast, they cannot be called difficult; still there is some satisfaction about a right and left at duck weighing over eight pounds apiece, as these do. Paull and Stower did not shoot much, as they had left me by far the best position. My bag for the two and a half hours included 37 fulvous, 12 muscovy, 4 Brazilian teal, 1 ring-necked teal, and 1 white-faced tree duck. The two latter varieties are usually rare, but I saw several at this lagoon, also a very large light-coloured bird, which was probably the big carunculated duck, though it might have been a Spinx's goose; anyway, by a misunderstanding, it got by without being shot at, though it was well within range. With a few more guns and somebody to stir up the duck (we had nobody at all, the birds were just moving naturally), I am certain an extraordinary bag, both as regards numbers and variety, might be obtained here. It was getting dusk when we started for the estancia, and we had not proceeded far when a back wheel came off the Ford. It was replaced, but soon came off again, and it was found that the thread had stripped on the shaft—a pretty predicament with fifteen miles to go and little or no

SOUTH AMERICA

chance of anybody coming along. However, Paull was not defeated, and on went the wheel again, with an ordinary wire nail through the split-pin hole to keep it there—and it did too, until we entered the estancia paddock, where it collapsed for the last time. It was an extraordinary performance, even for a Ford, when one considers that the road we travelled was of the roughest, with a loose sandy surface, and the car was loaded up with duck as well as four people.

“North and east from Embarcacion the monte stretches over the border into the Bolivian chaco, and throughout all this district may be found the jaguar. I say ‘may be’ because, although quite a number are killed by peons who happen on them, it appears that no one goes out for the purpose of hunting them. The reason is that it is difficult to locate the beast, and consequently one must be prepared to spend days in the forest before coming up with one, and, amongst the trees, the ‘bichas’ (flies) of various descriptions are so bad and the difficulties of getting through are so great that no one cares to do it. Twenty years ago, the brothers Leach and two or three other men made a pioneering trip down the Bermejo River to its junction with the Parana (I think their friends never expected to see them again, but they were all safe and sound in spite of many adventures), and they shot thirty-six jaguars on the banks. These they usually surprised, drinking or sunning themselves, as they swung round a bend of the river. Paull considers that this is still the best way to get them, but time did not permit of it being tried.”

CHAPTER IV

SANTA ELENA—EGG HARBOUR—FALKLAND ISLANDS.

October 5 found us sailing from Buenos Aires *en route* for the Falkland Islands, with the intention of stopping a day at Santa Elena and Egg Harbour on the Patagonian coast on the way down.

The shooting season was now over, but we hoped to get some geese and rabbits, which are considered as vermin, and shot all the year round. We were particularly keen to run across a "cavy" or Patagonian hare, which Captain Kennedy mentions in his book * as being abundant in Patagonia. This extraordinary animal, half deer and half hare, carries its young in a pouch, like the kangaroo, and is quoted as one of the reasons for supposing that Australia and South America were once the same Continent.

Santa Elena is an excellent harbour, but open to the S.E. S.E. gales are rare, but if you have the misfortune to strike one when lying here the only remedy is to up anchor and clear out as soon as possible. The land is very desolate and dry, the chief inhabitants being guanaco. Several copitone were seen here for the first time, but were not shot as it was the close season. The egg of this bird is dark olive in colour, and, like all the eggs of the Tinamou tribe, is very highly polished as though enamelled. Several people to whom I showed them at Port Stanley thought they were sham china eggs! During our wanderings we came across several rheas' nests, one containing as many as fifty-one eggs. My henchman put one of these in his pocket, and on the way back it burst with a colossal report. Needless to say it was bad, and the odour was appalling. I have never seen a man look so unhappy. On our way back in the boat there was a noticeable

**Sporting Sketches in South America.*

SOUTH AMERICA

edging away from the unfortunate fellow, and we eventually made him sit to leeward of everybody. On getting on board he consigned his clothes to the deep !

Egg Harbour proved an even more desolate and uninteresting place than Santa Elena, except for a guanaco drive, which was great fun. A large isthmus runs out forming the northern end of the harbour, and, on entering, twelve guanaco were seen on the further end. As fresh meat was running short, it was arranged to line the narrow neck of the isthmus with five guns and to land a beating party to drive them across to the mainland. The guns landed first, and, when in position, the drive started. The guanaco were very obstinate at first, and refused to leave the hill, but after much shouting and firing they eventually bolted for the neck of the isthmus. Here they were met by a perfect fusillade, and it was none too safe for the beaters following up. However, no regrettable incident occurred, and eight guanaco were accounted for. Their meat is fairly good to eat, and a welcome change from salt junk.

Valdes Island, spoken of by Captain Kennedy as being full of rabbits, was visited by two parties. There were too many holes about to make the shooting good, and the rabbits were few and in very bad condition. On being paunched, it was found that the majority of them were suffering from liver disease, and I think this a probable explanation of their almost total disappearance from S. Patagonia and the Falklands. Twenty years ago they could be shot in hundreds ! I shot one rabbit within thirty yards of a sea lion ! He was very annoyed, and, after a great deal of snorting, took a slow and majestic flop into the sea twenty feet below him.

The mainland was thoroughly searched for geese, duck and cavy, but there was no sign of them or of water. Several large herds of guanaco were met with, but not shot, as we had sufficient meat. Except for two crested tinamou and a flock of slender-billed plover, not a bird was seen. The latter specie is sometimes wrongly called by the local inhabitants "golden plover," but it is very unlike the real bird of that name. They are one of the best eating birds in S. America.

On the 11th the wind got into the S.E., and by evening was blowing hard : a heavy swell setting into the harbour. The

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

whaler was caught in this, and after vain attempts to reach the ship, was driven on the rocks and smashed to pieces. The crew were very lucky to escape without hurt.

The next day it was blowing a full gale, which necessitated unmooring, and getting to sea as quickly as possible. I don't think any of us were very sorry to see the last of Egg Harbour.

We reached Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands on *October 14*. "The dreariest of Great Britain's possessions." The islands rather remind me of the Orkneys—the weather and scenery (if it can be called such) being somewhat similar, though decidedly worse in this barren spot. Sheep-farming is the only industry, and I believe they do very well there. There isn't a tree in the islands, except a few scrubby ones in Government House garden. Geese and wildfowl are very abundant, and, on Lively Island, snipe breed in large numbers. They are so stupidly tame that they are not worth shooting, except for the pot, and we never went after the geese except to replenish the larder. A few wild cattle still remain in the hills, but it means a five days' trek, sleeping in the open in probably bestial weather, to get to their haunts, and then possibly no shot at the end of it. One man I met had seen them near Volunteer Lagoon, a most inaccessible place with a heavy swell always running, which makes landing very difficult. I hoped to get an opportunity to go there, but the weather never permitted it. The birds of the Falkland Islands are very interesting from a naturalist's point of view, and Mr. Bennett, the Customs officer, and an authority on birds, had a large number of rare specimens in the museum, of which he was naturally very proud. Amongst other things I noticed in the museum was a piece of copper ore, found in the S. Shetlands, yielding 51% pure copper; and also some shingle taken from the inside of a blue-nosed whale. The theory is that the whale gets so full of oil and blubber, etc., that he finds great difficulty in diving, so swallows the shingle to give him less buoyancy!

Many places in the vicinity of Port Stanley, such as the Murrel River and Sparrow Cove, were visited with the hopes of finding game, but most of them yielded nothing, and more often than not we returned, soaked to the skin by incessant rain, with only a bedraggled goose to show as the result of our exertions.



PENGUINS AT THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.



PARNALL WITH UPLAND AND BRENT GEESE.

SOUTH AMERICA

I remember on one occasion returning to the ship, wet from head to foot and very cold, and finding the following little rhyme on my table, thoughtfully put there by Hallett :—

In search of geese he trod the marsh
And faced the chilling breeze,
But only bagged (Oh ! fate is harsh)
His trousers at the knees !

We learnt later that the best geese and wildfowl country was in the neighbourhood of Mare Harbour, and a few days later found us there preparing a round-up of geese to fill the larder. Geese were numerous everywhere. Parties went in all directions, starting from the landing-place, and supported by hosts of beaters with broom-handles to carry the game. Only the first-year birds were shot, as these do not lay, and, in addition to this, are far better eating. Most of the shooting was very easy, but occasionally very sporting shots were to be had at geese, frightened from another spot, coming overhead at full speed. The most satisfactory way of shooting these geese is with a '22 rifle—as the range can be varied to any distance and gives more satisfaction. A hundred and forty Upland geese were shot, and a few “ ruddy-headed geese,” locally termed “ brent.” These latter birds are nearly always found amongst the flocks of Upland geese. They are much better eating. A. T. H. had a right and left at what he thought were two geese, but, on picking them up, one was found to be a loggerhead duck. This extraordinary bird is known by a variety of names, such as “ racehorse ” or “ steamer ” duck. Its method of propulsion over the water is to use its wings as paddles, and it attains a tremendous speed in this ridiculous fashion. It is disgusting to eat and is quite useless from the sporting point of view. The flying variety is rare. Little is known of it, and I have only found it alluded to in one book, “ The Birds of Tierra del Fuego,” by Richard Crawshay, in which he states that one specimen had been shot some years ago in the very same spot. I skinned our specimen, and sent it to the British Museum. My own theory on the subject is that the loggerhead duck normally never flies, but that during the breeding season these birds become very thin, which enables them to fly inland, to the lagoons bordering the sea, to nest. It is singular that the only two flying specimens we saw were in the middle of the breeding season,

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

and, in both cases the birds were very thin and in poor condition.

The Falklands are a great breeding-place for penguins. Two varieties are commonly met with, the "gentoos" and "rocky." The latter are smaller and have a crest. They are the most ridiculous little creatures, and very like human beings in some ways. The biggest gentoo rookeries are at Sparrow Cove and Kidney Island, the latter place is also a great breeding-ground for sea lions. The rocky rookery is in Berkeley Sound at the back of Mount Low. Penguins have an extraordinary habit of all laying on the same day (about October 20). If you take an egg from a nest, the mother bird will immediately rush off and steal one from another, trundling it along to her own. During the performance her antics are too ludicrous—she is continually on the watch to see if anyone is noticing her deceitful operation. They are very tame, coming up to a person and pecking at his legs, keeping up an incessant jargon amongst themselves the whole time. The jackass penguin is also to be met with. He lives in burrows and makes a noise just like a donkey braying. The rookeries are under government protection, and a licence has to be obtained before their eggs can be taken. They are delicious to eat.

We only visited the Falkland Islands once again, and that was in March of the following year, at the beginning of the shooting season. I think it can be safely stated that Lively Island, Mare Harbour and Volunteer Cove are the only places worth visiting for shooting, the former for snipe and the two latter for wildfowl. While at Mare Harbour an extensive search of the country was made, including the lagoons in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, about eight miles inland, and the chain of marshes and lagoons lying ten miles away in the direction of Elephant Island. Only two of them contained teal, the majority of these were yellow bills, with a small sprinkling of grey teal. In addition, a few widgeon and brown pintail were bagged. The bag for three guns amongst these lagoons was fifty-six teal and eight duck. Magnificent snipe ground was continually encountered between the various lagoons, but, in all cases, it was practically empty. Only thirteen snipe were bagged. Inhabitants say that snipe are up in the hills at this time of year, and are more plentiful in April and May.



ABOUT TO ENTHRONE THE BISHOP OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS



BAG OF UPLAND GEESE.

SOUTH AMERICA

My own opinion (having scoured the hills and plains for snipe) is that there are few to be found in the Falkland Islands, except at Lively Island, which is their breeding-ground, and that the number is growing less yearly. Rabbits can be had in fairly large numbers on Elephant Island, close to Port Pleasant. Other shooting parties prospected the lagoons and marshes to the northward towards Mount Pleasant and in the vicinity of Swan Inlet. Very few snipe or wildfowl were seen.

Horley saw rather an interesting incident here. 'A large hawk, similar to a peregrine falcon, suddenly swooped down on a flock of geese who were feeding.' The latter immediately started to run with outspread wings preparatory to flying. The hawk without the slightest hesitation singled out a large male, and, firmly planting one claw on each extended wing just where it leaves the body, proceeded to hold himself there and drive his beak into the back of the goose's skull, until it was pierced. He hadn't time to enjoy his kill, however, as Horley shot him. These birds do a lot of harm amongst the lambs.

That Sunday, at Port Stanley, I had to carry the Bishop's staff for him during the enthronement ceremony. I came to the conclusion that I was not suited to the duties of domestic chaplain to Church dignitaries, but hope that my poor efforts as such were moderately successful. The Bishop was in rather a bad way: not only did he have no "pukka" domestic chaplain, but he had lost both his crook and credentials in the post. We supplemented the missing crook by one made on board, and he relied on his signet-ring to establish his identity with the Archdeacon!

One day we took the barge round to Murrel Cove and River, and, after walking until Johnston Harbour could be seen at the head of Berkeley Sound, we returned empty-handed, having only seen one snipe the whole time. In the days of the "Flora," this ground yielded good snipe bags, and I am afraid my earlier remarks on the disappearance of the snipe in these localities are only too true.

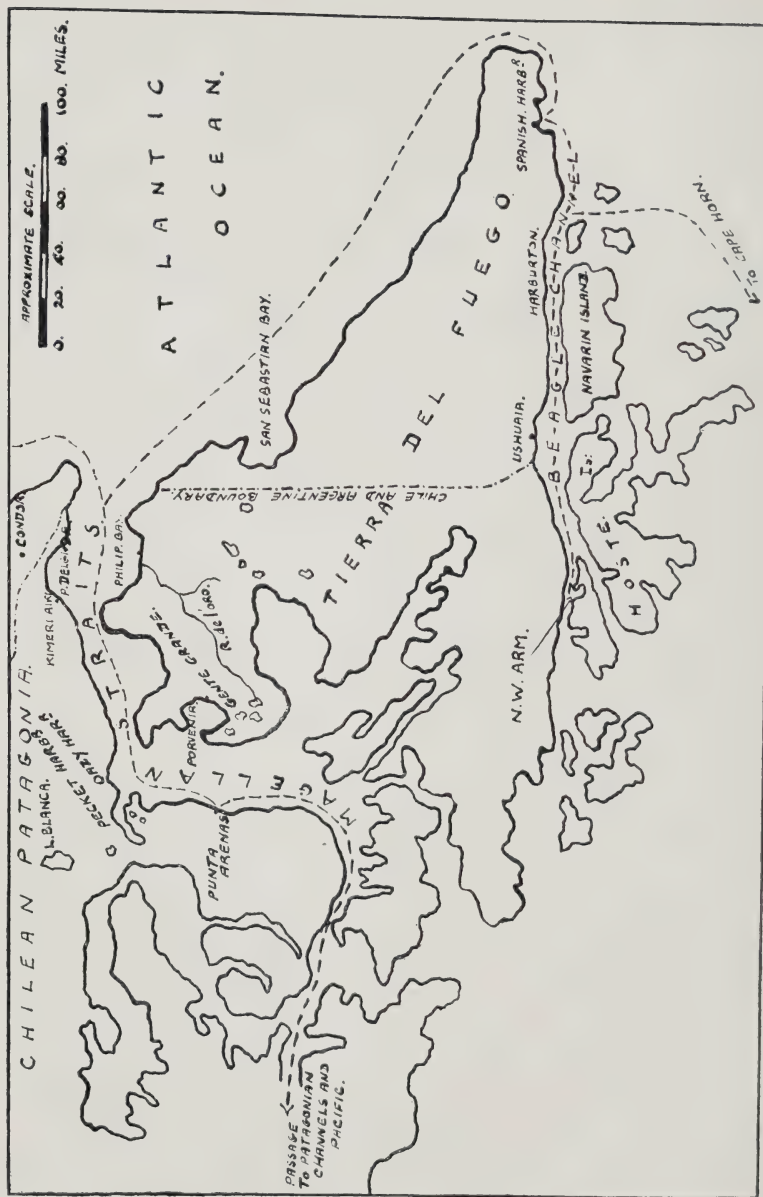
March 13 saw us landing at Lively Island, having been kindly given permission to shoot there by Mr. Slaughter. There was a lagoon alongside the landing-place containing geese, widgeon, crested duck, and yellow-bill teal. Mr. Roy Felton was unable to accompany us, but did the next best thing, which was to lend

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

us his setter, "Hero," a very good worker with a splendid nose. He never ran in, and after pointing would look round and wait for a gun to come up. He could not retrieve, and usually chewed the bird to bits if allowed to get hold of it. However, he would always find a dead bird, which was sometimes very hard to see in the long tussock grass. Parties of two and three guns scoured the whole island during the day. The snipe were wretched sport. They lie very close and are hard to put up. Most of them can be seen running ahead of you amongst the tussock. They are found both on the wet and dry ground. We came across several pools during the day, most of them containing duck and teal, but not in large quantities. There is a most objectionable weed, with a leaf something like that of a geranium, which is often found in the marshy places likely to hold snipe; but I think it can be safely said that, where this reed is, the snipe will never be found, or any other bird for that matter. At the close of the day, the bag was as follows: snipe 254, yellow-bills 54, grey teal 2, antarctic 30, geese 58; totalling 398. Ruddy-headed, or brent, geese were found in the island in fairly large numbers, usually near or swimming on the lagoons. Towards the end of the day, the snipe seemed to be getting up a little better, but, although the bag was good, it was in reality but poor sport, and in this respect representative of the general shooting in the Falkland Islands. I would far rather shoot twenty snipe at Ibicuy than one hundred on Lively Island.

The following morning we shifted to Seal Cove, about five miles to the westward of Lively Sound, and found a very snug anchorage there. Two parties landed from the ship and scoured the promontory. Snipe were very few and far between, and the best sport was had with the teal, which were numerous in most of the small lagoons bordering the shore. Most of the teal were yellow-bills, a few grey teal being the only variety. The hawks here are a perfect pest: if you leave a dead bird for five minutes they swoop down, and, in a second, have torn out its inside and eaten it.

Two days at Port Stanley completed our visit, and I am sorry to say that there were very few amongst us who were not glad to see that bleak and desolate spot quickly fading away through the wind and rain.



MAP No. 4.

Rough scale chart of Punta Arenas district and Tierra del Fuego
 ----- denotes our track.

CHAPTER V

MONTEVIDEO—PUNTA ARENAS—MAGELLAN STRAITS—
PATAGONIAN CHANNELS—TEMUCO—VALPARAISO.

Reference Map No. 4.

After leaving the Falklands we remained in the vicinity of the River Plate and, for about a month, there was little worthy of mention in these pages. 'Towards the end of November we started for the West Coast, proceeding via Punta Arenas and the Channels.' A short stay was made at Punta Arenas, but quite long enough to make a great many friends amongst the British residents there. They were most hospitable, and promised us plenty of shooting if we would only come and look them up early in the following year. 'The Straits of Magellan and Channels through the Patagonian Archipelago are very wonderful when seen for the first time, but to see them once is quite sufficient, and I have no wish ever to visit them again.' Captain Snow, writing in the early "fifties," describes them thus :—

"The Magellanic area is mountainous and rocky, intersected by deep and tortuous fiords of a complexity unsurpassed elsewhere, and with a climate more continually tempestuous and rainy than any other part of the world. It is sparsely inhabited by savages of the lowest civilisation. It offers no inducements beyond the facility the channels afford for a smooth passage between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans."

The Patagonian Archipelago is the range of islands lying west of Tierra del Fuego and stretching along the western coast of Patagonia for 700 miles north of the western entrance to the Magellan Straits. It is as inhospitable a land as can be found on the globe, especially in its more southern parts. The land is

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

mountainous, presenting an alternation of matted forest, bare rocks, snow-clad mountains and glaciers. Drenching rains, varied by snow and sleet, prevail throughout the year, whilst furious westerly gales succeed each other with rapidity. The scenery is magnificently stern, but is seldom seen to advantage, the clouds and mists usually screening the higher peaks and snow fields. We, however, were exceptionally fortunate in experiencing clear weather, which enabled us thoroughly to appreciate this striking scenery, especially the glaciers, their beautiful aquamarine colouring being vastly emphasised by the sun, which shone for short periods nearly every day.

It was impossible for a ship of our size to navigate the tortuous channels during the dark hours, and so we anchored every night. Field anchorage, with a glacier rolling down to the water's edge, was too small for us, but Borja Bay, Isthmus Bay and Eden Harbour proved excellent anchorages. Eden Harbour is far the best and very prettily situated. There is little sign of bird life in any of these places, the only specimens shot being ashy-headed geese, which we now met for the first time. While at Eden Harbour we were visited by Indians in two home-made canoes, fashioned out of a solid tree-trunk. They are very poor specimens of humanity, and rapidly dying out. I think the parties that visited us represented practically all that is left of them. Almost naked, dirty, and with shocks of matted hair, they present a very sorry spectacle. They don't know the meaning of the word "work," and spend all their time loafing about in canoes gathering mussels, which compose their sole diet. We gave them food, clothing and tobacco, which they seemed very pleased with, although the old man of the party had most violent hiccoughs after smoking a cigarette. Several of us visited their huts, which were covered with old skins of various sorts, and littered with mussel-shells. The clothing, which they had evidently collected from passing ships, formed the carpet, and apparently is only donned before going out to meet a ship, not from modesty, or for warmth, but merely from pride of possession. Many of the skins were of the Chilian guemal, which must have been hunted and run down by the numerous wolfish-looking dogs, who were in and around the huts. The natives have no weapons with which to hunt animals or birds and, if they had, would be too lazy to go



INDIANS OF PATAGONIAN CHANNELS.



THEIR HOMESTEAD.

SOUTH AMERICA

after them. The pitiable condition of this remnant of a once numerous race is truly tragic.

Leaving the Channels we entered the Gulf of Penas, credited with possessing, at certain times of the year, the most mountainous seas in the world. Our passage was a good one, however, and we reached Talcahuano without incident. From here one very enjoyable day's fishing was spent at Laraquete, in company with Mr. Cooper of Concepcion. The river is a pretty mountain stream, which contains fish called pilladilla, which, though small, take a fly. The enjoyment of our day was greatly increased by the presence of the brothers McLean. Talcahuano is the best jumping-off place in Chili for obtaining fresh-water fishing; Temuco, the centre of the salmon and trout fishing, being easily accessible by rail. I had little personal experience out here, but Parnall, who was our most enthusiastic angler, has kindly supplied the following account of his sport in salt and fresh-water on the West Coast:—

“There is a quantity of sea fishing to be had all down the West Coast from Panama. We were told of terrific fights with sword-fish off Antofagasta, where the fishermen go out, two boats together in case one is broken up, and get into their fish by harpooning them on the surface. We have had success with a few good-sized bonito in these waters, though we rarely had time to do much fishing. At Juan Fernandez there are quantities of cavalla, running about seven or eight pounds weight, which take a spoon readily. These fish pull very hard indeed, owing, one imagines, to their enormous pectoral fins, and generally give three or four strong rushes before they can be brought to the gaff. However, they are not in the least shy of strong gear, and there need be little fear of losing them if one uses plenty of line. Further South in the Chilean Channel and the Magellan Straits we found scarcely any fish, except the pilladilla. He bears little resemblance to a trout, but will take a fly and runs three or four to the pound.

“In Chile there is a trout hatchery, situated at Lautaro on the river Cautin, and, not only this river, but several others further south have been stocked. The manager of the hatchery told me that they had put four different kinds of trout as well as Atlantic salmon in them. The Cautin river flows through the forest country on the western slope of Cordillera, and then through the more cultivated parts in the vicinity of the longitudinal railroad and the town of Temuco before entering the sea. Temuco is about twenty hours journey by rail from Santiago. The country

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

is hilly, and, apart from the untidy appearance which the partly destroyed forest trees give to it, is reminiscent of Devonshire. There are quantities of wild flowers in the pasture and numbers of small singing birds. It is a country of small holdings, the proprietors of which are either too busy to fish or not interested in the sport, but I fear that quite a lot of quiet netting goes on, although it is illegal ; anyway, I don't think there is any difficulty in buying a dish of fine trout if one wants them. A certain number of the business men of Valparaiso and Santiago are keen on fishing, and go to Temuco every season. It is the custom of the country to call all imported fish by the name of salmon, which is confusing to a stranger.

" I went down, for the first time, in *December*, 1919, when Mr. Blair, of Gibbs & Co. at Concepcion, introduced me to Señor Palma, the firm's representative at Lautaro, and I had a clear day's fishing. As Señor Palma and myself had no more than a nodding acquaintance with each other's language we did not discuss much what it was best to do, but he indicated the places which he thought I ought to fish, and stated that a minnow was the only lure to use. I followed his directions all day, without touching anything, until about 5.30 or 6 p.m. By this time I had got tired of following directions, especially as the Señor was not a fisherman himself, so I shifted to a salmon fly and tried a run at the head of a pool which I liked the look of. I hooked almost immediately and landed a white trout of about 2lbs., and a cast or two later was into something much bigger. This fish gave me a good fight, and I very nearly lost him right at the end. He was too big for my net and fell out of it, and I had to sit on him before I could get my fingers in his gills. He turned out to be a true salmon, and weighed exactly 8.8lbs. when out on the scales in the hotel a couple of hours later. I discovered subsequently that it was really quite a remarkable thing to take a salmon in such a short stay, as they are very rarely seen ; indeed Archdeacon Hodges told me that he had fished there for three weeks or so during five successive years and, so far as he knew, had never even touched one. After this success we resolved to take any opportunity which might arise of visiting the river again.

" In 1921 Harwood and I were able to put in nearly a fortnight in the same neighbourhood, during the month of *January*, whilst the ship was at Valparaiso. On this occasion we were entertained most of the time at the house of Mr. James Tinkler in Cajon, which lies on the river between Lautaro and Temuco, and we had a day or two near Temuco and at Boroa, some twelve or fifteen miles nearer the sea. We commenced fishing in the expectation of meeting fish similar to the salmon of the previous



THE PARTY AT LARRAQUETE.



THE DEVON OF CHILE (CAJON).

SOUTH AMERICA

year, and in consequence used pretty heavy gear. It took us some time to realise that it was quite improbable that we should get anything over 5lbs. ; but when we had done so and reduced the strength of the tackle accordingly, we had very good sport amongst the trout. The river is quite big, and it is hardly possible to cover the water, even with an 18 feet salmon rod, consequently it was necessary to wade very deep to do the business with our 10 feet trout rods.

“ The best fish we actually landed was a 4½lbs. brown trout, taken, on a small Baden Powell prismatic fly, at Cajon ; the best bit of fishing was at Boroa, when I had seven rainbows on within an hour and-a-half, four of which I succeeded in landing. These rainbows were in perfect condition and fought in an astonishing manner. One I lost after it had taken me out to the backing and, I suppose, got out of control, and another, when it came straight at me in a succession of half a dozen leaps ; the best one landed was of about 2½lbs. We tried all sorts of lures, and I think that small silver-bodied salmon flies proved the most effective, although most of the fishermen who go down to that river use minnows about a couple of inches in length. There is not a vast quantity of fish in the river and, in the thirteen days I was fishing, I myself got thirty trout, but there were only three blank days and these were half days.

“ Further south, in Chile, fish have been put into most of the rivers. I have heard of fish being taken in the rivers Tolten and Maullin, but these places are far away from the railway and, in order to fish them, it would be necessary to go on horseback and camp out for some days ; possibly one might be able to get through with a light cart, but it is mostly forest country and difficult going.”

On arrival at Valparaiso, Mr. Maclean, whom we had met at Talcahuano, came on board with a live cock and hen quail to try and convince us that they were natives of Chili. We were able to assure him that they were the ordinary Californian quail that, on several occasions, have been imported into the country. I readily accepted his kind offer to keep them, as I wished to introduce them into Juan Fernandez Island, where quail were at one time abundant.

During our stay at Valparaiso we were honoured by a visit from his Excellency, Sn. San Fuentes, the President of Chili.

CHAPTER VI

CALLAO—JUNIN.

Reference Map No. 2.

On *January 3* we anchored at Callao, the seaport of Lima, the capital of Peru. While here we were fortunate enough to run across Mr. Stiles, who was building a big smelting works at Oroya. A great friend of his, named Essen, was staying at Junin at the time, and he asked a party to go up and shoot with him there. At the same time, Mr. Feehan, acting manager of the railway during the absence of General Cooper at Huancayo, informed us that he had instructions to put a private coach at A. T. H.'s disposal if he wished to visit any place. General Cooper and his satellites, like our railway friends of the Argentine, couldn't do too much for us. Not only did he organise this trip, but later sent a party of us away for a week in a private coach from Mollendo, and repeated the performance the following year.

Accordingly, three days later, having finished with officialdom and fine clothes, A. T. H., accompanied by seven guns, sallied forth to brave the mountain heights. As the hut we were to live in at Oroya was empty, we had arranged to take all our own food and bedding. "Travel light" was the order of the day, and it is extraordinary what a little gear one wants after some experience. This is where an Army regulation "flea bag" comes in so useful. Throw in any oddments you want, and there you have bed, clothes, and a seat; moreover, it can all be squashed and bounced on without any damage. The food question was a bit harder. We left it to Parnall, who forgot nothing, and we fed like fighting cocks.

The Central Railway of Peru, on which we travelled, is world-famous for the altitude it attains, and for the great engineering

SOUTH AMERICA

achievement of surmounting the innumerable difficulties of construction. It is a standard gauge line, and there is no cog-wheel system in the whole of its length of approximately 250 miles. When it is stated that this length contains 61 bridges, 65 tunnels and 21 zigzags, some idea of the enormous work entailed can be obtained. The work was commenced in 1868, by an American called Meiggs, the line reaching to Chicla before his death, and was then taken on by the Peruvian Corporation, who completed it in 1893. For the first hour and a half, until Chosica (2,800 feet) is reached, the line passes through a deep valley between two high mountain ranges; then through most wonderful orchards to San Bartolome (4,866 feet), whence all the fruit and vegetables are supplied to Lima. From here onwards, one can begin to appreciate the wonderful scenery of the Andes. Innumerable tunnels and bridges are now met with, the most famous of the latter being Verrugas, over 250 feet in height. At Senco, the next stop, the station is alive with natives, selling beautiful bunches of sweet-smelling violets. At Viso (8,691 feet) we meet the first zigzag. This simply means backing the line up the side of a mountain to avoid heavy tunnelling and very sharp curves. It is the most interesting and dangerous part of the line. The train is continually twisting and turning, and, for most of the time, running on the edge of precipitous cliffs. Tunnels and bridges become more and more frequent, and it is often very hard to tell where on earth the line can go to next. Descriptions and photographs cannot possibly give a true impression of this wonderful work. One must see it in order to realize its full worth. The altitude is now 11,430 feet, and one begins to feel its effect. Mountain sickness, or "puna," is very unpleasant and often dangerous, necessitating an immediate descent to the plains to save life. Some people are hardly affected by it, while others are completely bowled over. Vomiting, headaches, deafness and incessant gasping for breath are the symptoms. Several of our party were completely knocked over by it, and didn't recover until our return to Lima, six days later. The scenery now remains the same, except for much more snow, until Ticlio (15,583 feet) is reached. Here all is snow. Harwood tried to go for a short walk, but after 100 yards staggered back suffering from violent "puna"! Directly after leaving Ticlio the Galera Tunnel is

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

entered, the longest tunnel on the railway and constructed through Mount Meiggs (17,665 feet high).

Now begins the descent to Oroya (12,000 feet), the line passing a number of mining centres before entering the broad pampa outside. Here we saw several pairs of Andean geese and a few small flights of duck (probably Menegaux's duck) on our return journey.

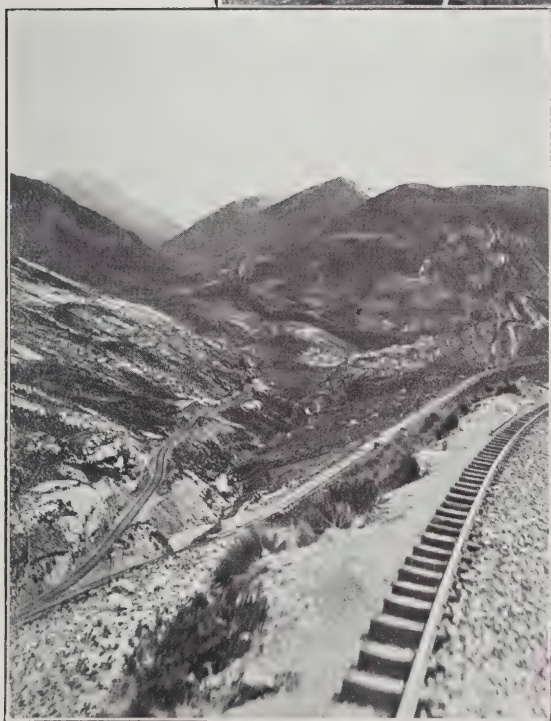
At Oroya, our coach was shunted on to the Cerro de Pasco Railway and coupled to a cargo train, which took us as far as Junin. It was now 11 p.m., and we turned in. Personally, except for a shortness of breath and singing in my ears, I felt all right and was soon fast asleep, being lulled thereto by the gasps and groans of some of my less fortunate companions.

The following morning, we all, with the exception of two, felt very much better, but it was an impossibility to walk very far, even slowly, without gasping for breath. Essen turned up shortly after 7 a.m., with a motor trolley which ran on the track, and, having transferred the gear and commissariat, we started for the Lake. An hour's run brought us to the hut which was to be our home for the next few days, and the rest of the forenoon was spent in squaring things off and getting a meal ready. About a quarter of a mile away lay the lagoon, and Essen had procured a 1-h.p. motor-boat from somewhere and a couple of punts. I shall never forget our first walk to the boats. Perfectly flat and even going, and it took us over an hour! At the end we were blowing like grampus! Wildfowl were there in large numbers, chiefly puna teal (appropriate name). I also saw many grebes, bitterns, ibis and coscoroba swan. We were now living at an altitude of 14,000 feet, so it is hardly surprising when I say that most of us were content to loaf about rather than shoot, especially as the letting off of a gun, when you have got a "puna" headache, nearly lifts the top of your head off. I remember A. T. H. and Harwood, who were in the motor-boat, having fierce arguments as to who was to fire at a wounded duck in the water, as they both had splitting headaches, and neither wanted to make matters worse by firing!

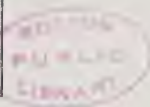
By the end of the afternoon, all of us (with the exception of three who never really felt well the whole time) were perfectly fit and got a lot of shooting. Essen was indefatigable in the



TICLIO,
16,000FT. UP IN
THE ANDES.



A ZIGZAG ON AROYA RAILWAY.



SOUTH AMERICA

motor-boat, and the end of the day saw us slowly wending our way back to the hut with 61 teal, four duck and a couple of snipe. The snipe looked to me similar to the Paraguayan snipe except that their legs were orange. It is unfortunate I did not keep the skin of one, as I believe now it was a different variety.

Cooking was most amusing. We all thought we knew a lot about it, and arguments were incessant. I remember one obstinate tinned steak and kidney pie which absolutely refused to cook, and the green peas were like marbles at the end of twelve hours' soaking and six hours' boiling! However, more luck attended the duck and eggs, and we made an excellent meal, Essen contributing some very good home-made flap-jacks. Thank goodness, we didn't have to do any washing-up, Man "Friday" did that for us. "Friday" was a robber, and the son of a robber, and normally used to look after the hut for Essen. He had a wholesome fear of the latter, and, having been threatened with a bath and a hiding if he stole anything from us, he was strictly honest and very hard-working. Full of energy the next morning, some guns went away scouring the hills for partridges, unfortunately without success, and others went exploring the many channels amongst the reed beds on the Laguna. By the evening we had secured a bag of 73 duck and teal and two more snipe. That night, the three of the party who still had symptoms of "puna," left in the motor trolley for the coach, to get a more comfortable night's rest. The remainder of us made high revel. Everyone cooked something, and I don't think I have ever enjoyed a meal more. Whiskey cocktails, omelettes, filleted duck and numerous other delicacies, washed down with mulled "vino tinto," were consumed in front of a roaring fire by the light of four candles. Even "Friday" excelled himself that night. He cleaned all the game and did it up in sacks, and made himself most useful in helping to pack up. I should like to think he did it from motives of friendship, but I am more inclined to draw the conclusion that the artful old robber had in mind our early departure in the morning, and had hopes of remuneration.

We joined the remainder of the party at 8 a.m., leaving at 8.45, and arriving at Callao at 9 p.m. the same evening. Our journey back was not without incident. We accounted for one donkey and three sheep, run over on the way down, and a landslide

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

missed us by inches, which, according to Stiles, who joined us at Oroya, would have knocked the whole train to kingdom come. Cheerful thought! One rather interesting sight on the way down was the large herds of llamas, used by the natives to bring their wares down from the hills, collected at every station at which we stopped. No wild animals were seen, but Stiles informed me that the spectacled bear was quite frequently met with in the mountains beyond Oroya. I have only seen one specimen of this solitary bear of South America, and that was in the Zoo at Buenos Aires. Several of our friends in Peru and Chili never even knew there was a bear in South America.



LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY TO JUNIN.



OUR ABODE DURING JUNIN TRIP.



MAP No. 3.

Map showing trips to Cuzco, La Paz and Antofagasta.
 Thick dotted line shows our journeyings. Distance covered about 1,300 miles.
 (The trip to Tucuman and Embarcacion was done from Buenos Aires.)

CHAPTER VII

MOLLENDO—CUZCO—LA PAZ—ARICA.

Reference Map No. 3.

We arrived at Mollendo on *January 12*, and landed (six of us), with all necessary gear, about 12.30 to start on the trip kindly organised for us at Lima by General Cooper. The only method of getting ashore is by being hoisted out of the boat in a basket, the swell making it dangerous for craft to go alongside the pier.

The railway gradually rises through absolutely barren and sandy mountains up to Cachendo, 3,000 feet. Here the line crosses a large desert, almost flat, with not a vestige of grass or cultivation of any kind. The heat is bearable though uncomfortable. From here onwards the weather gets cooler, and in the evening the heavy showers, which are a nightly occurrence during the rainy season, were experienced on arrival at Arequipa. The only wild animals I saw during the trip were one guanaco, and a grey fox. After leaving Ramal (5,179 feet) one sees a bright patch of green nestling among the barren mountains. This is the River Vitor, and the railway now follows the river up to Arequipa (7,550 feet), the green valley ever widening as we continue our journey, and showing rich crops of wheat, maize and potatoes, which have been made possible by abundant irrigation. The contrast between this green valley and the desolate, sand-ridden mountains makes a wonderful picture. Except for a few partridges, there is little game to be found here. At Arequipa we met with a most cordial reception from the British inhabitants, and spent a delightful evening in their company at the club. At 4 a.m. the following morning we started off for Juliaca. The weather was very warm, and I rode on the cow-catcher as far as

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

Quiscos. The surrounding mountains were still sand, but the valley, which we could see below us, was rich in pasture and crops. The two huge snow-clad mountains, Misti (19,000 feet) and Chacani (20,000 feet), could be seen in the distance, their summits disappearing into the clouds. Later the clouds dispersed and the two, clearly outlined against the sky, formed a magnificent spectacle.

At Ayrapall (11,293 feet) the eternal sand and rock had been left behind, and the surrounding country was now covered with a coarse pampa and stubbly fir, very sweet smelling, which the natives use for firewood. On reaching Canaguas (13,381 feet) a trolley was attached to the rear of our car, containing a repair gang and two native gentlemen in ponchos and knickerbockers, each carrying a double-barrelled gun kept together by wire, which must have been made in the year one. The barrels were very thin and rusty, and bent at the ends, and looked as though they would burst if the smallest charge was fired from them. However, they were very proud of these antique weapons, and informed us that they were going to hunt vicuña. Judging from all accounts they were usually very successful, and I should have liked very much to accompany them to see how they did it, as the vicuña is well-known to be one of the shyest of animals, and is hard to get within range of even with the modern rifle. These two sportsmen left us at Vincocaya (14,367 feet), and, having dug up some roots called alcer and pampa, which they boil and then eat to prevent "soroche" (mountain sickness), they marched off into the mountains. We never saw them again, but good luck to them for, if ever sportsmen deserved success, they did.

Shortly after this we reached Crucero Alto (14,688 feet), the highest point in the railway. Here one of our party succumbed to "soroche" and had to retire. We had been told that many duck could be found on the large lakes bordering the railways between Crucero and Lagunillas. However, very few were seen and, to my mind, it would have to be a lucky shot that procured a duck on these lakes without a boat, as they are large and deep and have no reeds or cover of any description! The only birds seen here were coots. I observed two pairs of Andean geese on the near hills close to the lakes, but we did not stop, as we hoped to get plenty of opportunities of obtaining a specimen of this fine bird later on in the journey.



LANDING AT MOLLENDO.



NATIVES AND LLAMAS AT SICUANI.

SOUTH AMERICA

The descent continued until just before Santa Lucia (13,250 feet), the railway was running alongside a large lake, which is one of the sources of the Amazon. Here we stopped and walked round the water, which was thinly covered with reeds at the edges. A great many coot were seen, but only two bunches of teal (Q. Puna), which immediately cleared off to the middle of the lake on our approach. A coot was shot to appease the appetite of the engine-driver, who had endeavoured to impress us since the journey began that coot (he called them black ducks) were very good to eat and that he was very hungry.

At 8 p.m. we ran into Juliaca (12,550 feet), with the usual nightly rain coming down in torrents. Juliaca is a dirty little place with one hotel, where very good skins and vicuña rugs may be bought. It is interesting to note that, at Juliaca, vicuña rugs cost £5, and at La Paz and Arica, both connected with Juliaca by railway, they cost anything from £15 to £20.

The following morning our coach was attached to a freight train, and at 5.30 we pulled out for Cuzco. The railway follows the wonderfully fertile valley of Marangani, densely populated with Indians, who look most picturesque in their quaint garbs containing every colour under the sun. They raise splendid crops, and it is most interesting to see the large cavalcades of 30 or 40 llamas bringing the farm produce in to the various railway stations. The highest point of this line is at La Raya (14,153 feet). From here to Juliaca are ideal swamps and lagoons, on which were many duck. It was at once decided to curtail our stay at Cuzco in order to have a day amongst these waters. Beyond La Raya there is little water frequented by duck, but I think some good partridge shooting could be had in the valley when the crops were cut. The nearest lagoons are forty miles away from Cuzco and have to be reached by horseback, and as it was thought that the water between La Raya and Juliaca afforded more possibilities of getting new specimens, this ride was not attempted.

Cuzco is well worth seeing. It was the original capital of the Incas and pre-Incas, and the remains of their wonderful masonry and other work are still in an excellent state of preservation. I will not enlarge on the Incas here, but anyone who is keen on that subject should read Sir Clement Markham's book, *The Incas of Peru*, a most interesting work.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

We left Cuzco at 4 a.m. the next day, in a "special," having given the engine-driver implicit instructions to stop immediately he saw any geese or duck. Meanwhile a sharp look-out was kept from our carriage. Just before reaching La Raya the brakes were suddenly applied and the train came to an abrupt stop. We had already seen the reason, two Andean geese about 300 yards from the line. They got up before we were within gunshot, and departed to a hill a quarter of a mile away.

I started off at the run for the far side of the hill, hoping to get above them and obtain a shot. I had not reckoned with the high altitude (14,000 feet), and, after twenty yards, I was reduced to a walk, blowing like a grampus. I kept on and, when nearing the top, the two geese suddenly flew past above me. They were almost out of range, but, in despair, I fired at the second bird and, to my intense joy, brought it down. It fell on the far side of the hill. After much panting and sweating, I gained the top, only to see my goose (which had been winged) rolling head over heels down the steep slope of the hill towards a large and deep lagoon which lay at the foot. I slithered after him on nature's toboggan, but could not get within range, and finally had the dismal experience of seeing my quarry take to the water and swim into the middle of the lake, where it expired. Imagine my feelings! It was bad enough to have to leave it, especially as it was the one bird I had hoped to get during the trip, but a "toot" from the engine suddenly made me realise that worse was to follow. The hill, so easy to slither down, had now to be climbed again. I don't recommend climbing hills in high altitudes to those who are not acclimatised. By the time the top was reached I, who thought myself fit, had to sit down and pant, while the sweat poured off me in streams. On gaining the train I gasped out my story to unsympathetic ears, which were only distressed at the loss of the goose, and we were soon on our way to the next stretch of water.

About half a mile the other side of La Raya, we stopped. Two shallow lagoons, surrounded by reeds, made an excellent place for duck, and after ten minutes we had secured five birds: one *Q. Oxyptera* (exactly similar to the yellow-billed teal, *Q. Glavirostris*, except 3in. longer), two *Q. Puna*, and two *Menegaux* duck. A large number of grebes and bitterns were also much in evidence.



REED BOAT, LAKE TITICACA.



SHOOTING WITH THE BOLIVIAN ARMY, RIO DESAGUADERO.

SOUTH AMERICA

Our next stop was at Santa Rosa (13,000 feet), and in a small lagoon near by we obtained two Q. Puna and a bird similar to the cinnamon teal, probably one in breeding plumage. It was later identified as such. A mile beyond Chuquebambilla (13,000 feet) we stopped at a large lagoon, about a mile and a half long and a quarter of a mile broad, with two feet of water all over it, containing duck and teal, and also a group of nineteen flamingoes, two of which were shot. Further specimens of Q. Puna and Q. Oxyptera were obtained. A bunch of whistling duck (probably white-faced tree duck) was also observed, but, unfortunately, never came within shot. Several other small ponds, containing Q. Puna, were passed, and our next stop was at a large lake near Laro (12,727 feet). The only birds seen were a few Q. Puna, coots and grebes. Between here and Juliaca there is plenty of water, a lot of the country being flooded, but it is almost devoid of bird life. I found no nests, and I think the breeding season was well over. With the help of Fitzmaurice, I skinned a couple of specimens in the train.

We left Juliaca, almost immediately, for Puno on Lake Titicaca (12,500 feet), arriving there about 8 p.m. The following morning a motor-boat was kindly put at our disposal by the railway officials, and we were soon on the lake. The Chief of the Customs, who had called on us, insisted on coming in the motor-boat too, as he knew the way about the lake. He came in a straw hat, black gloves, and a huge umbrella, and I cannot imagine a more ludicrous object to take out duck shooting. However, he soon discarded gloves and umbrella, and made himself very useful in pointing out the channels. The lake is covered in certain places by thick reeds (out of which the natives make their canoes), and it is extraordinary that so few duck were seen in such an ideal place. Here we first met the rusty lake duck, a beautiful bird with a Cambridge-blue bill and a wonderful chestnut back. They look very handsome in the water, the sun emphasising their gorgeous colouring. They have small wings and practically never fly, and their habits are similar to those of the grebes. They are most difficult to shoot, as they make full use of their powers to dive. We obtained two specimens, and I skinned the best one. The only other birds met with were our old friend the Puna teal, cormorants, coots and bitterns. A female rusty lake duck was

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

also shot : a very dirty black colour all over and utterly unlike the male, except in shape.

That night we crossed in the commodious steamer, *Inca*, to Guaqui in Bolivia, arriving there at 6 a.m. the following morning. Before proceeding to La Paz a short visit was paid to Tiahuanaco. Little is known of the origin of these wonderful ruins. According to their history they were found there by the Incas, and no one can be certain of their origin. The idol, of which I give a photograph, is in a wonderful state of preservation considering its age. One can wander amongst the ruins and still pick up old bits of crockery and carved stone, also arrow-heads. Several of us picked up the latter. The scenery from Tiahuanaco to La Paz is superb. The railway runs along a plateau, but, looking to the northward, that great chain of snow-clad peaks, all over 20,000 feet high, is visible, stretching away as far as the eye can see. Although they are 100 miles away they look quite close.

The first sight of the town of La Paz presents one of the most unique pictures of scenery in the world. After travelling on a plateau with no sign of a town in sight, you suddenly come to the edge of a large crater. There, a thousand feet below you, in the very centre of the crater, lies La Paz. On arrival, the British Minister informed us that the President of Bolivia would very much like to meet A. T. H. and his retinue, quite informally. Now best clothes do not form part of one's shooting kit, as a rule, and it was most amusing ransacking our luggage for something respectable to wear, and then being selected or rejected, after a close scrutiny from A. T. H. and the Minister. Two of us were finally chosen to accompany them. His Excellency gave us a very cordial reception, and asked if his Minister of Finance might accompany us on our return to Arica in the special train provided by the Chilean Government. Of course, A. T. H. acquiesced. I don't think that Minister will ever forget his trip. He suggested playing bridge for, what seemed to us, high stakes. We did not like to refuse, and played in turn all the way to Arica. At the end he was the only one out, and had to hand over a very considerable sum of money. He lunched on board and the band played the Bolivian National Anthem, for the first time in the history of the Navy I should think. On his way back the engine drawing the Minister's train blew up, killing the driver and



IDOL AT TIAHUANACO.



RUINS AT TIAHUANACO.

SOUTH AMERICA

fireman, and leaving the carriages to themselves for about eight hours. The boiler of the engine was found forty yards away from the line.

I forgot to mention the tennis at La Paz. In spite of the altitude, we took on the British community and eventually beat them, though at the end one could hardly lift the racquet, owing to the high altitude, which made breathing or any violent exercise a great strain. One of our enthusiasts played golf there on the highest course in the world (over 13,000 feet). I think it took him most of the day to get round, and I am sure he didn't win.

The journey down to Arica is quite interesting, but the scenery becomes monotonous. The further one gets from La Paz the less the vegetation becomes, until one is travelling over arid desert, with no sign of living animal or bird. Excellent sea-fishing can be enjoyed at Arica, the best sporting fish being bonito. Their presence is always revealed by a large sort of boiling in the water, which is made by the small fry endeavouring to escape these voracious fish. Trolling with a spoon is the best method of catching them, strong tackle being essential. Fish of 9 and 10 lbs. were caught, all giving an excellent account of themselves before falling to the gaff. Great success also attended the trammel net.

In *December, 1920*, this trip was repeated. A. T. H. and eight other officers travelled from Mollendo to Puno via Arequipa, at the latter place we were again most hospitably entertained, so much so that I fear it was not only "soroche" that some of us suffered from on the following day. From Puno, a party of six again visited Cuzco. A. T. H. and Harwood remained at Puno and lived on board the *Coya*, under the care of Romulo Espinar, captain of that ship, the fact that he could not talk a word of English greatly adding to the excitement of our stay. The first day both A. T. H. and Harwood were out of action with "soroche," but on the second day both had sufficiently recovered to embark in a motor-boat after duck on Lake Titicaca, the bag being three brown pintail, thirteen blue-billed and five cinnamon teal. It being rumoured that a new type of partridge existed on the hills above Puno, the third day was spent in their pursuit. A. T. H. and Harwood, suitably mounted on horses supplied by the Peruvian Army, rode up to 14,500 feet, and after walking, or rather

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

endeavouring to walk, for about three hours one was duly sighted and shot by A. T. H. This turned out to be the ordinary chico partridge of South America, and the disappointment was so great that A. T. H. actually agreed to have some lunch and return home, about 2 p.m.

That night, the Cuzco party came back, and we all proceeded in the *Coya* across the lake to Guaqui, where we arrived the following morning. We were met by the officers of the Bolivian Army and their band, also by Mr. Sampson, the manager of the La Paz railway. We were first taken to the army mess, where an official reception, combining champagne and speeches, had been arranged. A. T. H. and three others then proceeded to La Paz—the remaining five of us being left in the charge of the Bolivian Army, who promised us splendid shooting. When the La Paz party had left, we were taken back to the mess and countless bottles of whiskey were produced, under the influence of which we all developed a striking ability to talk Spanish. After a heavy lunch, three of us embarked on horses and the remaining two in a motor-boat. A hectic afternoon was spent, during which our hosts hailed every sandpiper as a snipe and every coot as a duck. However, we all returned safely, the bag totalling one blue-billed teal.

The following day, accompanied by five Bolivian Army officers, we went to the River Desaguadero, in a motor-boat belonging to Mr. Roberts, a railway engineer. It is worthy of note that this river is the only outlet from Lake Titicaca, and runs into Lake Poopo, from which there is no visible outlet. It is also the boundary between Peru and Bolivia, the bridge across the river being fitted with two doors—one being locked by the Peruvians and the other by the Bolivians every day at sunset. There were any number of birds about, and the day resulted in three pintail, thirty-three blue-billed teal, one cinnamon teal, and several coots; the latter being accounted for by one of our Bolivian Army friends, who brought a 16-bore gun. By the end of the day, our stock of Spanish had become exhausted, and it was a matter for great relief when we found, on entering the lake, that there was a strong wind blowing and our hosts, unused to being afloat, retired to rest in the bottom of the boat.

The following morning we proceeded to La Paz, where we were billeted on the members of the British community, who



STREET IN LA PAZ, BOLIVIA.



REMAINS OF INCA FORTIFICATIONS AT CUZCO.

SOUTH AMERICA

entertained us most hospitably for four days. During our stay, one party had a most magnificent trip on a railway trolley over the Andes to Yungas. We also endeavoured to compete at tennis, golf on the highest 18-hole course in the world, and at a very pleasant dance given by Mr. O'Reilly, H.B.M. Minister. I say endeavoured, because, it must be remembered, we were at an altitude of 12,000 feet, and the slightest exertion caused one to pant both visibly and audibly.

We attended an official dinner, given in our honour by the Bolivian Government, which once again necessitated our best efforts at Spanish. I sat next to a General, whose knowledge of English about equalled my knowledge of Spanish, so, with a view to mutually improving our respective capabilities, I talked to him in Spanish and he to me in English. The resultant conversation can well be imagined; by the time we reached the dessert stage I had a vague idea that his wife's cousin's friend had a daughter at school in England, and the Lord alone knows what he had gathered from me.

From La Paz, we did a forty-eight hour train journey to Antofagasta, where we rejoined the ship. Christmas Day was spent in the train and duly celebrated, in the usual service manner, by a bottle of champagne, bought for the occasion, at an exorbitant price, in La Paz.

CHAPTER VIII

COQUIMBO—ANTOFAGASTA—JUAN FERNANDEZ—PUERTO MONTT—MAULLIN.

After leaving Arica we made a short stay at Coquimbo and Antofagasta before proceeding to Juan Fernandez. Coquimbo is a very pretty little harbour, situated in a bay in which flat fish abound. The trammel proved the most efficient fish-producer. In the season some quite good snipe and partridge shooting can be had. 'We contented ourselves with tennis and riding, the court and horses being kindly lent to us by Mr. McAuliffe, at whose house we received the greatest hospitality.' Antofagasta, a town surrounded by desert, owes its existence to the discovery of the nitrate fields in the vicinity. 'From a few bungalows it has now grown into a large town with real macadamised roads—a treat for Chili! Naturally, in such surroundings game is non-existent, and, unfortunately, we were never there at the right time to enjoy the fishing mentioned by Parnall in the previous chapter.

Juan Fernandez, the one-time home of Robinson Crusoe, is situated in Cumberland Bay, in Masatierra (nearer the land), the largest of the three islands forming the group. This bay is the only safe anchorage. 'Masafuera (further away), and Santa Clara, the other two islands, have no harbour at all, and landing is often impossible owing to the breakers.' The islands are all volcanic rock, and consist mainly of sky-high peaks, quite inaccessible, separated by deep valleys covered with most luxuriant verdure. They have a very wild, storm-beaten appearance, and give one the impression of utter desolation. The highest peak, called Yunque (Anvil) is 3,000 feet high, and is a prominent mark when approaching from seaward. The only settlement is in

SOUTH AMERICA

Cumberland Bay and consists of a few men and their families, engaged in the crayfish canning industry, and a French family called Carpentier. Carpentier and his wife had been wrecked there in a schooner thirty-five years ago. He was a great gardener and possessed one of the prettiest gardens.

The valleys and slopes of the hills are covered with dense forest with, here and there, the valuable chonta tree showing up prominently. The island is a botanist's paradise, all sorts of wonderful plants grow there, the chief ones peculiar to the island being the chonta and the cabbage tree. Fruit does very well, and, in the garden of Monsieur Carpentier, I saw figs, pears, apples, quinces, cherries, apricots, currants, cape gooseberries and blackberries. Unfortunately the fauna are not so numerous, or so interesting. The cliffs round the island abound in blue rock-pigeons. The natives say that these birds are migratory and make the island a stopping-place on their way from Australia to South America. I personally do not believe this. The cliffs are very high in most places, and, although birds are numerous, they are usually out of range. To the eastward, however, they are lower and offer better opportunities for shooting. Boats are essential for this sport, and it is a good plan to have two or three at intervals along the coast and covering the best places to keep the pigeons on the move. It is magnificent shooting. I am afraid our percentage of cartridges per bird was very high. Gathering them was difficult, as there is always a swell which makes landing a somewhat dangerous proposition for the boat. I had one most precarious climb after a bird, which, incidentally, I never found, and got soaked to the skin before I was able to get back with the boat half-full of water.

The hero of our childhood, Robinson Crusoe, grossly misleads us when he talks of the monkeys and parrots on the island, which have never existed there. Except for a few wild goats and rabbits, there is no animal life at all. I had one long day ashore with a son of Monsieur Carpentier as guide, and was able to see a specimen of every bird known in the island. These are sparrow-hawk, rock-pigeon, thrush, a species of tit, and three different species of humming-birds. I shot a pair of each sort of humming-bird, with a .410 collector's gun loaded with dust shot. The smallest of the three is rare. They chiefly inhabit the eucalyptus trees

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

and a flower somewhat similar to the foxglove. My guide stated that there were guinea-fowl in the island about twenty years ago and quail five years ago. He thought their extermination was due to rats. I took ashore the two Californian quail (which we had had on board since going to Valparaiso) and liberated them. I shall be most interested to hear if they survive and produce a progeny.

The crayfish, peculiar to Juan Fernandez, are the size of lobsters and most delicious to eat, tasting very like an ordinary lobster, but much more tender. We experimented with home-made lobster-pots, but were only successful in bagging two.

The other great attraction here is fishing for cavalli, which are most sporting fish and, on a salmon rod, give really good fun. They average between 6 and 8 lbs. and can be caught in large quantities. A spinner with a piece of cavalla on the hook is the best bait. A flying fish was also caught measuring 17½ inches, the biggest I have ever seen. One night Morris caught a seer fish, weighing 9½lbs., on a trout rod—a triumph of the noble art.

It is well worth while going after the wild goat. There are quite a number left in the island, which are supposed to be the descendants of goats originally landed there by the famous seaman Valdes. The Assistant-Captain of the Port will arrange to take you round to the most likely places. French Bay is the best, but landing is always difficult. It means some real hard climbing, and the higher you go the more probability there is of finding sport. Hallett and Parnall went out and were successful, each getting a good specimen; the going was awful. Hallett wounded his goat in the nose with the first shot, rendering the beast stupid, and the Captain of the Port was very indignant when it was given the *coup de grace*, as he particularly wanted to drive the unfortunate animal down to the boat, before it was despatched, to save the trouble of carrying it down!

On *February 1* we sailed for Puerto Montt.

Puerto Montt and the surrounding country is extraordinarily pretty and reminds one of Devonshire. The only disadvantage is the enormous rainfall, experienced practically the whole year round. The country lying to the south, around Aysen, and the islands, intersected by innumerable deep but uncharted channels,



LAYING OUT THE TRAMMEL.



STARTING OUT FOR MAULLIN.

SOUTH AMERICA

were once the home of the puma and guemal. The sheep farmer has exterminated the former and the latter have retreated further inland with the advent of civilisation.

Aysen is 48 hours' run, in a small steamer, from Puerto Montt, but I doubt if the trip is worth taking from sporting motives. Mr. Trim, the Vice-Consul, told us that there was plenty of snipe and duck shooting to be had from Maullin, but, owing to difficulties of transport from Puerto Montt, and the time of year, this trip was not attempted. The following year, while lying at Ancud, in Chiloe Island (the original home of the potato), four of us undertook the journey with but poor results. We had to cross to Carelmapu in a very broken-down old steamboat belonging to the Port. Everyone was very relieved to find the weather calm, as sometimes the seas in the channel are very dangerous, especially when tide is against wind, and this old craft would not have stood much of a chance if we happened to run up against it. From Carelmapu it is a fourteen-mile ride on horseback to the town of Maullin. Marsh and swamp nearly the whole way; ideal for wildfowl and snipe. I am sure it was too early in the season, which had only just opened, to expect good sport, the end of March or April being the best period. Only a few duck and teal were seen, and three groups of black-necked swan. Maullin is a dirty little place, but we were lucky enough to put up at the house of the Captain of the Port, who was kindness itself, fed us extraordinarily well and gave us very comfortable and clean beds. He and his wife were truly "colossal," their combined weights being over forty stone, and the son of fourteen years couldn't have tipped the scales under fourteen or fifteen stone! The afternoon of our arrival we spent in exploring the estuaries up river from Maullin, in flat-bottomed boats. The result was most disappointing; very few duck and snipe about, although the country was ideal for both. Only widgeon and cinnamon teal were obtained, four in all, and two snipe. Whimbrel are very plentiful in the mud flats, and this excellent eating bird gave some good sport.

Four a.m. on the following morning saw us eating a hasty meal before going off by boat to the estuaries down river, round a little place called Nutria. It was an hour before low water, and all the flats were bare. Large quantities of whimbrel and yellow

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

shank were seen everywhere, but it was not until we reached the end of the two estuaries that duck were encountered in any quantities. There was a large island covered with coarse reed and intersected in many places by dykes, which at low water were dry. One gun landed on this, another on the opposite bank, and one remained in the boat. The wildness of the birds and the lack of cover made approach very difficult, but, as the guns were well separated, a shot was nearly always obtainable by one of them whenever birds got up. Another difficulty encountered was the collecting of the birds that fell in the water, as the estuary was too wide for the boat to work both sides and, of course, it was always the wrong side when wanted. Over ten duck were lost through this. Wading was very difficult, the mud being over one's knees in many places, also heavy rain squalls did not add to the joy of nations. However, all three guns thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and personally I think shooting of this description is most fascinating. One has to work hard for small results, but after all that is very often the joy of wildfowling. The duck were nearly all brown pintail; a few yellow-billed teal and twenty whimbrel were also included in the bag. That evening we had to return to Ancud, the journey being accomplished without incident. The shooting was disappointing, as one had heard so much about the numbers of duck on the Maullin River, but I again repeat that I am sure it was much too early in the year, and April would probably see large bags secured. Between Llanquihue Lake and Maullin the river is said to be full of trout and "corbina," or white salmon. As far as I could gather, no one ever fished with rod and line, but depended on net or dynamite to produce the fish. Those lucky enough to have time could do far worse than try their luck with fly, spinner, or minnow in this most promising river and its tributaries.

CHAPTER IX

PUNTA ARENAS—TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Reference Map No. 4.

Our passage south to Punta Arenas, through the channels, was dull. Wherever we anchored parties landed and thoroughly explored the surrounding country but to no avail, a few odd geese being the only bag. At Punta Arenas we met with a most cordial reception. Mr. Wildman, the really "live" Consul, was indefatigable. After four days he announced that, having done our duty nobly, we could now seek respite in the camp shooting. A. T. H., Harwood and myself formed one party, and, having landed early, were met by our hosts, Mr. Walter Wood and Mr. Treherne, attended by three cars, into which we packed ourselves and gear for the hundred-mile trip to Kimeri Aike, lying due north of Punta Delgada, about ten miles inland. It was blowing hard and, in one place, the dust (the wind was behind us) was so bad as to necessitate stopping, as the road was almost obscured from view, for a short period. Except for bad patches of mud and water, which we encountered now and again, the road was excellent, and we averaged twenty miles an hour during the whole journey. The surrounding country was the same all along the route. Miles of pasture, covered with the small tussock grass, most annoying to walk over, and a real liver shaker if attempted in a car. Here and there we passed promising-looking snipe marshes and several lagoons, with quantities of duck on them. Many geese were seen, at frequent intervals, mostly Upland and ashy-headed, which appear to go about in company.

We arrived at Kimeri Aike (native word for camp) about 6 p.m., very dusty and dirty, but a wash and brush up soon put

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

us to rights, while the doc., Mr. Hughes, busied himself with the cocktail shaker. The doc.'s house, where we were staying, was a most comfortable little place, and I was surprised to see so many flowers growing in the garden; he also possessed a well-filled conservatory. Round the manager's house a very pretty garden had been made, and I thought of "the wild and desolate Patagonia" depicted by novelists, as I stood in the warm sunshine and ate strawberries and raspberries.

The farm, over which we were to shoot, belongs to the Patagonian Sheep Farming Company, and consists of 400,000 acres, and is stocked with about 200,000 sheep. Sheep are extraordinarily healthy in this country. The winter is sometimes severe, snow covering the pasture, so that the sheep cannot get at the grass, and this (according to mine host) is the time they eat each other's wool, while the horses eat each other's tails, they are so hungry! At times, during the summer, the wind blows with hurricane force, and cases have been known where sand particles were blown clean through glass window panes, leaving them full of small holes!

The first day we shot over Black Hill Paddock for snipe. A large number remain here all the year round, and were invariably found in bunches. In one delightful swamp there must have been thirty or forty snipe, very wild, in the air at once. Shooting was bad in the morning, but, as the day wore, it improved and the final bag reached 116. On the way back, in the car, a snipe and a slender-bill plover, both on the wing, were shot while the car was moving, and our first specimen of D'Orbigny's seed snipe was gathered in this fashion. We stopped at a lagoon on the journey home and, after a successful twenty minutes' shoot, collected three dozen duck and seven teal. The most common duck in Southern Patagonia is the crested duck (locally called grey duck), and of the teal, the yellow billed. Of other varieties there is a fair sprinkling of brown pintail and widgeon. Grey teal are not common. Slender-billed plover are to be found everywhere about the camp. It was here I first saw both varieties of the seed snipe. D'Orbigny's seed snipe is rare on the mainland, only five or six having been seen in recent years. The common or pigmy seed snipe is found in large flocks all over the camp. I don't think either species is worthy of a place in the game book:



AT KIMERI AIKE.



TWO HOURS BAG OF DUCK AT ESTANCIA FENTON.

SOUTH AMERICA

The following day we went off to what was considered the best snipe-shooting in the surrounding country, large bags having been obtained in previous years. On arrival we found the stream absolutely dried up, attributable to the large amount of irrigation that had lately been carried out. We were all very disappointed, our host more than any of us, but on moving to fresh grounds, in the proximity of the shoot the day before, we found snipe and duck quite plentiful, and a delightful day's sport concluded with a bag of a hundred and eight, sixty-six of these being snipe. Touring the camp and stopping when we came to snipey-looking ground or lagoons was great fun. Quite a large bag was collected this way.

On our return journey we stopped at "Fenton" estancia, close to Pecket Harbour, and managed by Mr. Magellan Fenton. After a quick lunch, we set out for Reedy Lagoon, fifteen miles away, and there found the place thick with duck, teal, and black-necked swan. Large reed beds surrounded the lagoon and, with three guns stationed at various places around them, and two in a punt, we started operations. The lake was so shallow and muddy that it was with the greatest difficulty that the punt was wedged into the reeds and, after all our frantic efforts, about half of it remained showing outside. Two men on horses kept the duck on the move, and we settled down to some splendid sport. There was a fairly strong wind blowing from the S.W., and birds were flying high and fast. Several shot birds fell in the soft mud and were impossible to reach, but the majority were collected, after frantic struggles to pull the punt through mud covered by an inch of water. For hard work commend me to pulling an oar under these conditions. At the end of the day we had secured over seventy-five head, the majority being yellow bills and grey duck. During the afternoon I saw a pair of rusty lake ducks, the male swimming about five yards from the punt. This was most interesting, as the only other specimens seen were on Lake Titicaca, 12,500 feet above sea level. One specimen of the greater yellow shank was also shot. The next day we wended our way slowly back to Punta Arenas, stopping at various lagoons on the way. Most of them were still water, and thus teal were scarce.

The journey back was without incident, except when held up by meeting a flock of 2,000 sheep, which completely blocked

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

the road for a quarter of a mile. We had been exceptionally lucky in our weather. It certainly blew once or twice, but a bright sun and no rain amply made up for it. The men on the camp looked hard and the picture of health. According to the "doc." sickness is rare. Other parties visited Lake Blanco, Otway House, and Oazy Harbour ; all having a most enjoyable time and obtaining good bags of duck and snipe.

Tierra del Fuego was also visited. The northern part of this island possesses excellent sheep pasture and is well stocked, and some of the best snipe marshes in the country are to be found around Gente Grande and Phillip Bay. Hallett and Morris sailed over in a service cutter to Porvenir and stayed with Mr. Moore, the manager of the gold mine on the Rio D'Oro. They had a most interesting time, being shown all over the mine, and, whilst in the hills, shot four attagis. This handsome bird, a mixture of quail and partridge, is classified as a member of the Seed snipe family. Ornithologists are inclined to think this a very rare bird, but in reality it is quite common. I can only attribute this mistake to the fact that most people would think twice about paying a visit to the Magellan Straits in the depths of winter, when these birds are in the plains, while in the summer they retire to the higher mountains and are very difficult to discover. They breed in the hills, and do not appear in the lowlands before April. The local name for them is partridge, and large bags have been obtained during April and May. A hundred and sixty were bagged one day in April at Kimiri Aike. Blackler and Lane visited Mr. Hobb's estancia at Gente Grande, and found good sport in the lagoons and snipe marshes. Their best shoot was forty-six snipe in two hours.

Owing to the short period of time at our disposal, it was not possible to learn much about the country, but, in the following year we visited Punta Arenas for a longer period, and, in company with A. T. H. and Parnall, I was lucky enough to go on a shooting expedition covering over 800 miles of the country, and was able to glean quite a lot of information. It was delightful to meet the hospitable community again, and all our old friends at Gente Grande, Peckett Harbour, Oazy, and the River D'Oro, were re-visited. A new expedition was arranged to go to Phillip Bay, where Mr. Greer, the manager, gave the party a very pleasant

SOUTH AMERICA

time. Mr. Burberry, the manager of the Sociedad Explotador, and Mr. Greer, the sub-manager, were chiefly responsible for organising our shooting expeditions. It was disappointing that, through stress of work, they were unable to accompany us, and we shall never forget their kindness and thoughtfulness, so plainly shown in the arrangements they made for us.

I will now describe our trip of 1921, which took place approximately at the same time of year as the previous one. We started from Punta Arenas, in Mr. Greer's car, at 7 a.m., after a hasty breakfast, and reached Oazy Harbour, sixty miles away, in time for lunch. Oazy Harbour is commonly known as "Gringos Duros," the name given to it by the natives when the first settlers there were two dour old Scotchmen. The present manager is Mr. Grant, also a Scotchman, but the name "gringo duro" can hardly be applied to this very cheerful person. Our baggage car, a "Henry" driven by an Englishman ("the Jonah of Patagonia," as he was called, from the number of breakdowns and punctures he always had on the track), here broke down, having "busted his differential," thus living up to his reputation. Luckily, he carried a spare pinion, and we left him still tinkering at two o'clock.

Our next stop was at Kimeri Aike and, although Walter Wood was not there, being on leave in England, we were delighted to find the "doc.," looking very fit, and effusive in his welcome. From there to Punta Delgada farm, our resting place for two days, was only ten miles and, having fixed up with the "doc." about the morrow's shoot, we arrived in time for dinner, having covered 110 miles during the day.

Our host, Mr. Trehern, and his wife were charming, and looked after us very well. Most of the uninitiated think Southern Patagonia is a desolate country, frequented by wild natives, with a few tin shanties dotted about it, in which miserable settlers eke out a dreary existence. The Indians have long since disappeared. They were such expert thieves, and had such a liking for sheep that, in the seventies, settlers offered a sovereign a head for Indians, and very soon the whole lot were either killed or else died off from disease. A few still remain in the island of Tierra del Fuego, notably at Harburton. The weather in the summer is usually delightful, but sometimes it rains heavily and strong winds are prevalent, reaching their maximum about noon, and dying

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

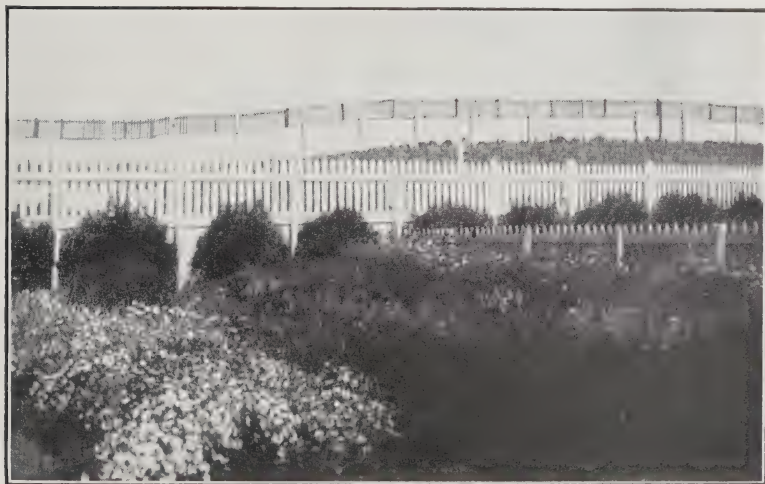
away to calm about four p.m. The winter is intensely cold, and usually accompanied by a great deal of snow, but lately they have been much warmer with little snow, and it seems as though the climate generally is becoming milder. The air is bracing and makes one feel very fit. The houses are most comfortable; long baths, hot water, billiard-tables, wood fires, and all the comforts of life. In addition every house has its garden, in which great pride is taken. Owing to the strong winds, high wooden barriers are built all round, and every few yards another barrier of wood or a hedge is placed. The vegetables and flowers are grown in between these wind screens.

The ground is very fertile, and splendid crops of every sort of vegetable are produced; the flower gardens are a mass of colour. At Punta Delgada the strawberries were delicious, and a smaller variety were also growing in quantities at Fenton Camp. In the winter, the temperature has been known to drop to about 38° of frost, and the snow to fall so thickly as to completely bury a Ford car! History relates that the car remained buried for three months, and the owner assured me that it started again with the first turn of the crank after its long submersion! Baron Munchausen would be hard put to it to equal some of the yarns with which our hosts regaled us during the trip. Apparently cows thrive on live chickens, and the mud in the lagoons is so soft, when the water dries up, that the gulls get bogged in it and can't move. In the winter, even with a roaring fire in the room, the water in the jug on the table a few feet away freezes.

As far as I could gather, the movements of snipe in S. Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego are as follows: They have never been actually seen to arrive, but are suddenly found in all the numerous swamps and marshes, about the beginning of January. Several times, during this month, our host had passed through marsh in the course of his wanderings without seeing a snipe, and the next day they would be there in hundreds. All the hatchings are fully fledged by the beginning of February, when the shooting season opens. They start collecting in large numbers about the middle of March, and, by the beginning of April, have all left for the north. The snipe in the island leave a little later. When on passage, they fly at a great height, in long diagonal lines, getting under way about sundown. This year the marshes were



THE MACPHERSON OF GRINGOS DUROS.



A GARDEN IN THE PATAGONIAN WILDERNESS.
(Note fencing to keep off wind.)

SOUTH AMERICA

badly flooded, owing to abnormal rains, and snipe, having retired to the hills, were, therefore, very much scarcer. Ideal snipe marshes of last year produced practically nothing, and it was amongst the dry tussocky grass and on the slopes of the hills that they were most abundant.

It rained hard most of the next day. We went out all the same and bagged fifty snipe, compared with a hundred and ten for the same number of guns last year. Duck were more in evidence. That night we celebrated A. T. H's birthday with plum pudding and champagne!

On *February 14* we motored forty miles to Condor Camp, just over the border in the Argentine. This is one of the best and biggest farms in Patagonia, comprising many thousands of acres. One paddock (as they chose to call it), through which we drove, was nine miles by six miles in area. After lunch, another eighty miles of motoring to some snipe marshes, which unfortunately produced a blank, and then we finished the day by a duck shoot on the chain of lagoons in the Grand Canyon, which stretches from Condor to the sea. Here we were successful, bagging over thirty head. A cheery evening (Pye, our host, forgot the water when mixing the cocktails), ending with an uproarious game of "Battle" on the billiard table, brought a delightful day to a close.

Morning saw us again in cars, making for Direction Hill marshes. Here snipe and duck were very numerous, but wild. We walked all day and enjoyed excellent sport, every minute of it. The bag contained over fifty snipe and about forty duck. The weather was perfect.

On *February 17* we bade a last good-bye to Punta Delgada and Kimeri Aike and, by lunch time, were at "Gringos Duros." Forty duck and snipe were bagged, in the lagoons surrounding Black Hill, during the afternoon. An early start was made for Fenton Farm the next morning. Mr. Fenton had prepared a duck shoot for us, from which he expected excellent sport. He is a fine sportsman and knows the business pat, having the knack of placing the guns in exactly the right place, and organising the beaters, for keeping the duck on the move from the neighbouring lagoons, most efficiently. The result of the big shoot far exceeded all expectations, the bag returning two hundred and seven duck

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

and teal for five guns. It was a perfect morning, bright sun and little wind, when the cavalcade of horses, two cars, and a buggy left the house. Sixteen miles over rough tracks in the cars and then to horse, the buggy bringing up the rear with lunch and two guns. Four miles across country brought us to the end of the lake, alive with duck. The banks were covered with low scrub, making the finding of birds which fell into it very difficult. Fortunately, the guns were so placed that most of the birds either fell into the water, or on the dry causeway separating the lagoons. Two "hides" had been built up on the causeway, placed *en echelon* to each other, with the idea that birds, passing over one from either direction, would be automatically turned over the other by the firing. It worked very well in practice. The remaining guns were given suitable positions up and down the lagoon, and our horses were tethered at each end to try and keep the ducks from settling. It was no use placing a gun at either end, as he would have got no shooting, except to put up ducks which had settled. Every variety of shot was experienced, and it was not easy shooting.

A similar lagoon divided by a causeway was shot the following day. Guns lined the causeway, and birds were driven up from either end. Two guns were stationed at the lower end of each lagoon, while the services of "Caballo Blanco" (white horse) were secured for stirring up outlying places. "White Horse" deserves a paragraph to himself.

He was a "landcomber," if one can use the expression in opposition to a beachcomber. He wouldn't work, and spent the whole of his life wandering about the farms. No one knows whence he came. He suddenly appeared, somewhat mentally deranged, on an old white horse. He was a well-known character and, it was said, he would eat anything. Rotting carcasses of sheep, skunks, cats and foxes are known to have been his diet, and eventually, when his old white horse died, he camped by the body until he had eaten the lot! Hence his nickname "White Horse." No one knows his real name. We gave him some ducks, but, unfortunately, he was not hungry just then, as he was credited with always eating ducks raw with the feathers and all, and it was most disappointing not to see an exhibition.



GOLD SIFTING IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.



PECKETT HARBOUR LAGOONS.

SOUTH AMERICA

Shooting was fast and furious for the next hour, and then Fenton and his brother off clothes and waded into the lagoon to pick up the wounded birds. It was cold and blowing, but these hardy warriors appeared oblivious to it. It was most amusing to see them, in nature's attire, frantically staggering through the mud and water after a duck, which invariably dived just as they grabbed at it. By lunch the bag totalled ninety-one head. On this lagoon a large number of widgeon were shot, several grey teal, and three rosy bills. No shovellers were seen. Rather extraordinary, considering the number in our bag of the previous day.

On the morrow we had to say farewell, with many regrets, and reached Punta Arenas the same night.

CHAPTER X

USHAWAIA—PYRAMID COVE—MALDONADO—BAHIA BLANCA.

Reference Maps No. 3. and No. 5.

Proceeding south after leaving Punta Arenas, we visited Ushawaia in the south of Tierra del Fuego, where is situated the penal prison of the Argentine Government. On our way we put into Spanish Harbour, and affixed a cross and name-plate to a tree in the little cove which Allan Gardiner, the famous missionary, made his home until he and all his companions died of starvation. This tragedy occurred about seventy years ago. Allan Gardiner was a great uncle of A. T. H. Ushawaia appears rather picturesque from the sea, lying in a little hollow, surrounded by mountains covered with dense forest on their lower slopes. The sailing directions say that "woodcock abound" in this vicinity, and Captain Kennedy states he shot a "woodcock" hereabouts. I will now definitely assert that there is not a woodcock in the whole of South America. The bird referred to is a snipe, very similar to a woodcock and the same size, but a snipe nevertheless. Its correct name is Strickland's snipe. Little is known of its habits, and I have only seen one specimen, which was set up in Mr. Shipton's collection at Concepcion. Mr. Trehern, of Punta Delgada, spoke of a large bird, like a snipe, which used to fly over to the islands near Otter Bank anchorage in the Magellan Strait about sunset, and leave for the mainland at dawn. We never had an opportunity of verifying this. Funnily enough, on meeting the *Dartmouth* just before our return home, some of her officers said they had shot two "woodcock" in Fortescue Bay, and had seen several more at the same time. Fortescue Bay is quite close to Punta Arenas, and undoubtedly their so-called "woodcock"

SOUTH AMERICA

was a Strickland's snipe. Although many parties went away they nearly all returned empty-handed. Only one snipe (Paraguayan) was shot, and a native inhabitant, on being shown it, immediately pointed to the hills. We could not stop to organise an expedition for the hills, and this day's shooting was the last effort made to obtain the *rara avis* Gallinago Stricklandi. This was one of the very few game birds of South America that did not figure in our game book.

The north-west arm of the Beagle Channel is wonderful. From one point eight glaciers are in view simultaneously. On our way north, via Cape Horn, we called at Pyramid Cove in Nuevo Golfo. The surrounding country is typical of the Patagonian wilderness; namely, an arid waste covered with scrub and coarse grass, and sparsely inhabited. It is the home of the copitone, and it was here that we first shot them in any numbers. This form of sport is good exercise, as it entails a great deal of running and, on a hot day, is very tiring. A bird is probably sighted about twenty yards away, running hell for leather. Uttering a war whoop the sportsman gives chase, and the frightened copitone will eventually take to flight, giving a long shot. Walking down wind, the birds can be seen running a long way ahead, but up wind they appear to lie much closer, and were often flushed without apparently having run at all. It is essential to walk very slowly until birds are sighted, and even then many are walked over. A dog is helpful but not indispensable. A hundred and eighty-five copitone and forty-three Darwin's tinamou comprised the first day's bag. Several pairs of cavy were seen here, for the first time, three being shot. They proved good eating.

Continuing our journey north, we called at Puerto Militar to arrange for docking the ship on our return from Maldonado, where we had arranged to carry out ten days' strenuous exercises with the squadron. While at Puerto Militar the Argentine Admiral, Señor Gonzales Fernandez, took A. T. H., Parnall, and myself for a day's shooting. Our host and the other Argentine members of the party were delightful, and looked after us all very well. At present, the Argentine conception of sport is very different to the English. He has been brought up to shoot at sitting birds, and cannot yet understand why we only shoot at

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

them on the wing. Their argument is, that, presumably, one wants to kill the bird, therefore, shoot at it in the easiest position, i.e. on the ground. They cannot take shooting at all seriously, and the best part of the day is spent in lunching and talking, followed by a siesta. Nevertheless, they were excellent companions and "muy simpatico." The antics of one Argentine gentleman, whom we nicknamed "Robert the Stalker," will always be imprinted on my memory. To shoot at a bird he carried out a prodigious stalk on all fours until within about ten yards, and then, taking steady aim, would either blow its tail off or completely miss it. Yells of joy greeted this intrepid sportsman when he finally massacred one. He also stopped the car once on our way there to stalk a skunk. My Spanish was not fluent enough to explain the objection to this, but he very soon discovered for himself! None of them would walk far owing to the excessive heat, so we went off by ourselves after lunch, while our hosts slept, and enjoyed quite good sport. Copitone and Darwin's tinamou abound in these parts. A. T. H. and myself had one day after snipe at Maldonado. Sport was poor, most of the lagoons being dried up. The mud in some of the marshes was like treacle, and we were both bogged on several occasions.

We put into Montevideo on our way to dock, and, while there, Harwood bought a very nice looking dog called "Cual." He and Parnall went off to Ortiz for some rough partridge shooting, taking "Ahlee" and the new purchase. "Cual" proved himself a very useful addition to the kennels.

From Bahia Blanca, Mr. Green sent us away in his private coach to Pedro Luro, Mr. Haslam accompanying us. Before we left A. T. H. received a very handsome present of a labrador, called "Gaucho," from our old friend Paul Chambers. He was the best dog of the lot. The only objection to a dog of this breed is that they cannot stand the heat well, like the native bred dogs, and must have water, which is often very hard to get when out shooting.

The coach was in charge of one "Caesar" by name; an Italian and a splendid fellow. He did everything, from dis-embowelling partridges to cooking our food and making our bunks down, and always appeared spotlessly clean and beaming all over. You will hear later of his final effort on our behalf.



CAPE HORN.



GLACIER IN BEAGLE CHANNEL.

SOUTH AMERICA

We arrived late in the afternoon, but went out at once and shot till dark. We managed to get seventy head after a deal of hard walking. The country over which we shot was very varied. Some paddocks were full of tall grass and scrub, and others were covered with a refined type of gorse. The latter places contained numbers of hares, which provided excellent sport as they darted and jumped in and out of the bushes. As we had only one game carrier, we desisted, much against our will, from shooting hares after five had fallen, as Pedro, who was carrying the game sack, was on the verge of bolting when he saw the fifth hare drop. The remainder of the bag consisted of Copitone, Darwin and spotted tinamou.

Breakfast at 6.30 a.m. and then a drive of eight miles to the lagoons on the east side of the railway on the estancia of Carlos Luro. Two of us rode and the remainder drove. Duck were very plentiful, and by lunch time we had gathered over sixty. In the evening, Haslam and myself rode round the big lagoon, hoping to put the duck over the guns concealed on the railway embankment. It was a beautiful sight, as the sun set, to watch the large flocks of pink flamingoes drifting aimlessly about over this lagoon. Duck were few. The only incident worthy of mention was the escape of Haslam's horse. He got off to fire over the water in an endeavour to put up some ducks. The noise of the shot startled his horse, which he had forgotten to tether, and I spent an amusing half-hour trying to recapture the brute. When I cantered, he cantered—when I walked, he walked, and so on, until I thought all chance of capture was gone. However, during one of the changes from cantering to walking, he looked round to see what the next move was, and a lucky grab at the bridle secured him. Haslam was much relieved when I returned with his mount in tow, as he had been contemplating walking the eight miles home. It was then dusk, and the others had already started back, so we turned for home. While cantering along my horse suddenly stopped, causing me to embrace its neck affectionately, and, on looking down to see the cause of the trouble, I saw a row of dead birds across the road. I dismounted and discovered they were "copitones"! We collected them, and, on arrival at the coach, we found that they had been shot by the remainder of the party on their way home and left across the road for us to bring along!

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

They forgot it would be dark by then, and we were lucky to find them.

The next day we returned to Bahia Blanca. Our bag totalled three hundred and one head. On arrival, we discovered that *May 1* was "Labour Day," meaning that no trains, taxis, cabs, or anything capable of carrying gear, moved that day without subjecting the driver of same to a severe handling from his compatriots, and the breaking up of his vehicle. We had to get across to the southern station, about two miles away, with all our gear and two sacks of game. It was then five o'clock, and the last train was at seven. It looked like spending another night in the coach. I rang up the Consul, who was very sorry but couldn't help us, as he dared not let his car out on the streets. Meanwhile Caesar, who was almost in tears at our misfortune, had been busy with another telephone, and, after a long harangue, replaced the receiver and announced, to our intense surprise, "All right, twenty minutes time very good." Sure enough in less than twenty minutes the Consul's car appeared. Without more ado we bundled all the gear in, and Lane and myself sitting on the top of the lot proceeded by a very roundabout route for the other station. We had to back quickly out of one street where an indignation meeting was being held, but otherwise accomplished the journey in safety. During this time A. T. H., who had gone on to the Consul's house to see what could be done before the car turned up, was being lectured by this gentleman on the dangers of cars being about on this day, and how he couldn't think of having his out!! We told him, next day, what had actually happened, and he was very amused. Bless Caesar! We never discovered how he inveigled the Consul's chauffeur into bringing the car to the station.

On our arrival back the ship was still in dry dock—how different being on board after the last few days. However, that same night A. T. H. received an invitation for four of us to go up to La Colina, on the Southern railway, and shoot. So *May 3* found us once again collecting cartridges and gear ready for the expedition on the morrow.

We were met by our host, Mr. Stoker, and motored the ten miles to Estancia Isabel. It was a glorious, frosty night, and, to my mind, this is the most impressive time to be in the camp. It

SOUTH AMERICA

was simply perfect whizzing along an excellent road with the full moon enabling one to see the camp stretching for miles. Every now and again a startled hare would run ahead in the glare of the headlight, and once an ominous smell told us we had disturbed a skunk in his nocturnal prowls. Estancia Isabel is very pretty. The grass lawn, with two fine oak trees, in front of the house, and the flower garden, surrounded by trees, reminded me very much of England. Martinetta, which we had rarely shot before, were to be the first victims. This bird is very hard to mark down in any particular paddock. They may be encountered in large numbers in one place, on one day, and never seen again there. However, they have a great weakness for maize, and our host was quite right in conjecturing that the edges of the maize crops would produce birds. We had some hot shooting here, and obtained forty-five. More were bagged in the tall pampas grass adjoining the crops. Walking through the maize was a prickly business, as a thorn bush, also carrying most irritating burrs, is plentiful amongst these crops, and comes up to one's knees when walking. I felt thorns in my breeches for days afterwards. Coming back our host's little girl insisted on sitting on my knees, much to my agony, and it is hardly surprising she confided to her mother later that she seemed full of prickles after sitting on my lap during the drive! Our old friend, the mosquito, was very much in evidence during the day, and my neck presented a very 'corrugated' appearance at dinner.

The following day we all drove over to San Anselmo Estancia, about four leagues away, and had a capital day's shooting, with Mr. Bloxham, on the same type of country. Birds and mosquitoes were plentiful! In the evening we congregated round two large lagoons, and had some grand duck shooting. The stand for the guns is on a narrow strip of land dividing these two sheets of water, and birds fly to and fro between the two. A strong wind was blowing, which may have caused the bad shooting displayed at the beginning. Birds came down wind at a tremendous pace. Our shooting improved later, and the final bag was thirty-eight. We drove back after dark, and during the trip a duck flew into the back seat!

On *May 7* we left Estancia Isabel, and started for Curumalan, our next destination, in two cars. All went well until we came

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

to the river. It was deep, with a steep bank of slippery mud at the end. Nevertheless, we charged at it boldly. After sliding back three times, the first car eventually emerged without mishap. The Ford, which I was in, fared otherwise. She sat on the slippery mud, and slowly sank back into the water. As we slid there was a horrid noise from somewhere in the bowels of the car, and she stopped. By means of a rope, the other car pulled us out, and then we inspected the damage. Front axle and steering gear badly bent, which made steering impossible; also the engine had developed a hacking cough. Luckily, there was a Russian hare-poacher and his family encamped on the river near at hand, and he had three horses. So the Ford was towed ignominiously back to Santa Isabel, arriving there nine hours later, while we, having transferred all our gear to the other car, proceeded on to Curumalan.

Our host was Mr. Gittins, and his organisation of the shoots was excellent. Each gun had a peon to himself to carry and pick up birds. In addition, there were two or three on horseback for chasing wounded birds or hares, or for going into the deeper lagunas to recover duck or snipe. We shot over two wires, each about sixty metres long. "Gaucho" didn't approve of the wire at all, but soon got used to it, although he was completely capsized on several occasions.

Curumalan originally consisted of a hundred and ten square leagues belonging to a limited company. The price of land went up with such leaps and bounds, that all the country, except ten square leagues, was sold at enormous profit. The remaining piece has large stocks of cattle and sheep, and some of the best horses in the country are bred here.

Most of the bag consisted of martinetta and chicos. Later in the year, after the rains, duck and snipe are quite plentiful, but it was too early in the season to find them yet in any quantity. The bag for A. T. H., Terry, and myself for this delightful week was eleven hundred head!

Parnall and Harwood had some excellent fishing at Tornquist, of which the former gives the following account:—

"Rainbow and brown trout are cultivated, both in the Argentine and in Chile, by their respective governments, and have been put into many rivers and lakes. In the Argentine, the



GROUP AT CURUMALAN.



A. T. H.

SOUTH AMERICA

best trout fishing is in the Rio Sauce Chico and the streams which feed it in the Sierra de la Ventana, and further south, in the rivers flowing into Lake Nahual Huapi. There is also good trout-fishing in the mountain streams of Tucuman. Mr. Stephen Shipton, of the La Corona sugar factory at Concepcion Tucuman, is one of the keenest fishermen in the Argentine, and takes a great personal interest in these streams. In his house he has a fine rainbow, of some 5 lbs., caught in the Rio Pavo, and I gathered from him that two and three pounders are common. Periodically these streams are subjected to heavy floods ; indeed, shortly before I was there, most of the fish had been washed out by one of these.

“None of us went to Nahual Huapi, but we paid more than one visit to Señor Tornquist's estancia at Tornquist in the Sierra de la Ventana, where Mr. Kember, the manager, entertained us. A part of the Rio Sauce Chico, called the Chaco, passes through the Tornquist estate, some five miles from the estancia, and one of its tributaries, the Ventana, flows close to the house. Both these rivers have splendid water for trout ; the banks are accessible, there are not very many trees, and nowhere are they so wide as to make it impossible to cover the water. The country round about has been made particularly attractive by the lavish planting of all sorts of trees on the lower slopes of the hills, through which the rivers flow, and it is a great pleasure merely to spend some time amongst these surroundings, after the interminable plains one becomes accustomed to in the Argentine Pampas. The Ventana is full of fish, but many of them are small, and these are so greedy, and take any fly so readily, that they become a nuisance when one is after something bigger. In the Chaco there are much fewer fish, but they run bigger than in the Ventana at Tornquist. I have been told, however, that below Tornquist the Ventana holds just as big fish as the Chaco. In these rivers a 3-lb. trout is a really good fish ; the best one we had was a trifle over 4 lbs. ; it was taken by Harwood, on a minnow, in a deep pool of the Chaco.

“Enormous bags have been taken on these rivers ; we heard of sacks of fish, caught in a day by half a dozen rods. Although there were so many fish, and they were so easily caught, we found that it was by no means easy to catch the big specimens in the pool, which one could see on approaching the river cautiously. The best ones were very easily put down but, unless a number were wanted for the table, we spent most of the time endeavouring to pick out the giants.

“The only restriction obtaining on the rivers is, that any fish under nine inches is to be returned to the water, but, as indicated above, we often imposed on ourselves a much larger limit than this. I think we tried every kind of fly, from No. 6

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

Jock Scotts to Black Gnats fished dry, also artificial minnows, small spoons, and real and imitation grasshoppers. They all took fish, and the last-named are considered to be particularly successful with the big fish in the Autumn."

Blackler shot two viscacha while at Puerto Militar. These extraordinary animals rarely leave their burrows before dusk, and he was obliged to lie in ambush for several hours before getting a shot.

Curumalan and Espartilla were also visited by other parties from the ship, excellent sport being obtained. We left the dock on *May 15, en route* for Montevideo and Buenos Aires.



THE UBIQUITOUS "FORD" IN DIFFICULTIES.



SHOOTING OVER A WIRE AT ESPARTILLA.

CHAPTER XI

GUAVEJU—LINCOLN—HEREFORD—AMEGHINO—URUGUAY
RIVER.

Reference Map No. 5.

While at Montevideo Mr. Millar, the acting manager of the Central Railway, invited A. T. H., and two guns, to accompany him and two of his friends to Guaveju Estancia, belonging to Mr. Taylor. Quebracho, our station, took just over twelve hours to reach, and we were there met by Mr. Bridger, the temporary manager of the estancia. He has the reputation of being the best four-in-hand driver in the country, and, incidentally, the most reckless. He was then taking things easy, having been shot down in an aeroplane from 12,000 feet in France during the war, and more or less reduced to pulp. He was now almost fit again—indeed a miraculous recovery. A peculiarity of this camp is the big chain of palm-trees that runs practically the whole length of it. Hosts of small green parrots invariably select these trees to build their enormous and untidy nests in. It is quite common for three or four pairs of birds to share one nest, and one case was known of nine pairs occupying one.

Millar, who was somewhat corpulent, kept us in fits of laughter during the trip, especially when, after lunch one day, he crawled under the wagon to have a siesta, and had just closed his eyes, with arms carefully folded over his "corporation," when two of the dogs started a fight over a bone, and eventually disappeared in a mass of fur under the wagon. Judging from the noise and language that greeted their arrival, they must have landed right in the middle of the recumbent M., who shortly afterwards emerged, hot and perspiring, murmuring that all dogs ought to be kept

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

chained up. A. also caused us much amusement when he discovered that his game bag had a large hole in the bottom, and that as soon as he put a bird in it, another fell out of the bottom. On the last day "Cual," renamed "Monte," met with a bad accident. He was running back alongside the coach after the day's shoot, when somehow he got mixed up in the wheels and his hind quarters were run over, breaking one leg high up in the thigh. It was impossible to set it, but the dog didn't seem in great pain, so we carried him back and put him in a big bed of hay. The next morning we had to leave, and poor "Monte" tried his best to get into the cart, but was finally left at the estancia. It was bad luck on Harwood. Although the dog eventually got all right, it was a very long business, and he was never able to take him out shooting again before we left for England.

There are quite a number of guans, or "parvo del monte," in the woods on this estancia. They live in the thickest "monte," so are very hard to find, and afford poor shooting. One was shot on this trip. Otherwise our bag comprised about three hundred chicos and two or three snipe.

On *May 22* we arrived at Buenos Aires, to take part in the 25th May celebrations. Life was hectic for the next few days, and it was with a sigh of relief that we donned our old shooting clothes and once again sallied forth into the camp. "Hereford" Brown and "Nick" Whitworth accompanied the party. This couple was extremely good to us. Many trips were made to their estancias and to those of their friends in the neighbourhood. I think everyone in the ship visited them some time or another, and I shall never forget these two—"Hereford" weighing eighteen stone and "Nick" eight—standing on the end of the mole, the last of many friends to wave us a farewell, as we steamed away from Buenos Aires in the following year, *en route* for England for the last time. We were now under the wing of the Western Railway, and, as usual, travelled in absolute comfort.

A short day with Mr. Hobbs, at Estancia San Martin, produced some excellent fighting. The stands were on a raised bank between two lagoons, and from twilight to dark the duck were coming over. A. T. H. was shooting like a book, and I remember him bringing down three birds in three shots running, that is to say three birds to each shot. Our bag, for five guns,



SIESTA AT GUAVEJU.



LUNCH AT SAN MARTIN.

SOUTH AMERICA

was eighty-six duck and twenty-six teal, and contained our first specimen of the black-headed duck. One catastrophe occurred during the day. The car we had just vacated suddenly caught fire. It could only be attributed to a spark from someone's pipe or cigarette having blown amongst the coats in the back seat. We soon put it out, but not before my Burberry had been burnt almost beyond recognition, and a large hole eaten into the back seat. It was fortunate nothing more serious happened, as there was a big tin of petrol stowed in the back, quite close to the coats.

Estancia Hereford was reached in time for breakfast. The country was very dry, but in good condition for the martinetta shooting, of which we had had excellent reports. These reports proved by no means exaggerated, and on the morrow we were to experience the finest day's sport at this particular bird that we ever had. George Weyand, a charming American, was staying with "Hereford." Famous as a raconteur, he kept us in fits of laughter the whole time with his droll stories. Always cheerful, he was a delightful companion, and we spent many pleasant days in his company, playing golf at San Andres later in the year.

We were surprised during the first day's shoot, by the sudden appearance of an aeroplane, which alighted close to the guns. Out of it got two men with guns and cartridges complete, and in a few minutes had joined up and were walking in the line. These were Mr. Lowe, the owner of the Estancia El Plata, and his manager, Mr. Spicer. The former, during the war, had been in the Air Force and, on his return to South America, had brought two aeroplanes with him. They proved exceptionally useful in the camp. Journeys that used to take thirty hours on horseback could now be done in two, and the whole camp could be "revised" in a few hours. The surrounding country was once a hot-bed of cattle thieves, but, since the advent of these aeroplanes, they have decamped.

After lunch, shooting was varied by aeroplane trips for several of us, who had never been up before, while A. T. H. and "Pat" took on the world at bowls and cockfighting. "Pat" was an old Irishman, who had been with "Hereford" for a great many years and, although he had never returned to the old country, his brogue was as delightful as ever. Cockfighting caused much

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

amusement to the peons, and, when we returned from shooting in the evening, they were all hard at it.

The following day the great shoot over Estancia La Isleta took place. A strong wind was blowing, which made birds fly well. We shot across the wind, and the martinetta, whizzing down the line, presented an infinite variety of shots. Two Ford cars and several "peons," on horseback, to the windward side of the guns, put up a great number of birds, which crossed the line in all directions. Our bag, at the end of the day, totalled 242 martinetta, 247 chicos and 14 hares, for seven guns. There were three other guns in the party, but they were only shooting a very short time, and can be fairly excluded from the total.

That evening, A. T. H. left us, to take part in a shoot at Quirno Costa, organised by Mr. Foster, manager of the Western Railway. Early the next morning we left Estancia Hereford for Ameghino. We were to stop with Mr. Wilson, manager of El Rosario. On the estancia is a chain of lagoons surrounded by vast reed beds, almost too big to shoot except with twenty or thirty guns.

A quick lunch on arrival and all were ready to start. The old foreman drove us round in a farm cart, through water and reeds, to our respective billets, and, very soon after, the fun commenced. Wilson had displayed great sagacity in placing guns, as we all got plenty of shooting. An army of men on horses was continually on the move amongst the vast reed beds, which effectually kept the duck stirred up. It was nearly dark by the time the old foreman had collected us into his cart again. Snipe appeared quite numerous, though very wild. Only one figured in the bag during the three days shooting we had here. The total bag was approximately two hundred and seventy head.

On *May 31*, we once again entered the Uruguay River. On arrival at Colonia, a party went to stay at San Pedro for two days, the manager flying over from Buenos Aires for the occasion. Aeroplanes seem to be rapidly coming into fashion. How different was the departure to the camp this year. Remember, San Pedro was our first experience of shooting in South America, and never shall I forget the turmoil that reigned, collecting cartridges and guns, producing new shooting clothes and boots, wondering whether to wear puttees or gaiters and asking each other a hundred and one questions; such as, "Are there any snakes?" "Have



AT HEREFORD.



COCK FIGHTING, HEREFORD.

SOUTH AMERICA

you got your skinning tools?" etc. That was last year. This year the party, with cartridge bags and in clothes much the worse for wear, was ready to leave the ship twenty minutes after McCloughlin arrived on board.

On *July 4* we moved up river to Concordia, and received the same enthusiastic welcome as before. One evening, we had a great battue at a lake near the river side on the edge of the monte, securing twelve duck; and several chicos were shot quite close to the anchorage. There were many riding excursions and, altogether, about a dozen of us stayed at the estancia, in turns. An excellent bag of over fifty snipe was got near one of the lagunas, and the last day's shoot totalled over fifty head of snipe. This was a great surprise, as last year there were very few duck and snipe. Heavy rains and our visit being made a month earlier than last year, probably accounted for this.

On *June 10* we arrived at Fray Bentos. A visit to the Carpincho "preserve" produced six. One carpincho swam straight at the boat after being hit twice in the head. It then climbed out on the bank, and, after another shot, rolled into the river and sank. It was recovered half an hour later. Another one dived from the bank into the water, almost hitting the boat and covering Hallett with water. Five guns motored out to Macdonald's estancia to a reported snipe-marsh. We only had about an hour and a half shooting, but this gave us sufficient time to cover the marsh, which ran along the banks of a small stream. Snipe were fairly plentiful and we totalled twenty-five, also four or five duck. In trying to extricate a wounded duck from a hole in the bank, Mac discovered four small nutrias. We returned with them in the tool box of the car. They are pretty little animals, very tame, and do well in captivity, their staple diet being porridge and milk. They thrived on board, and were eventually given to some little children.

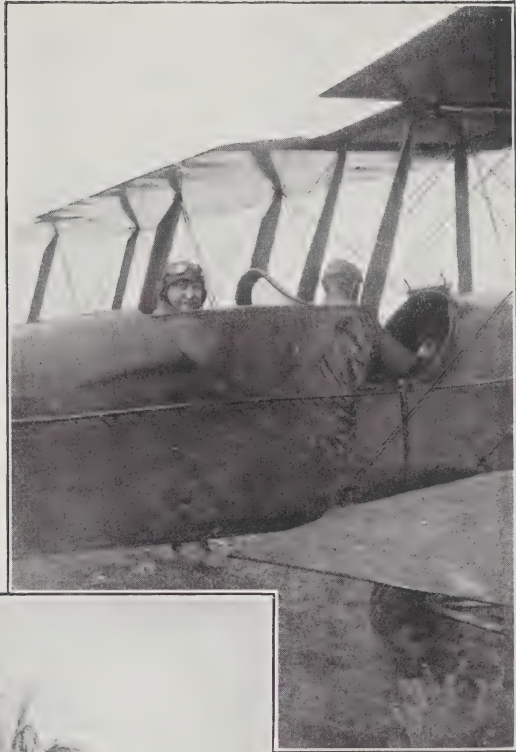
June 13 saw us starting off on an expedition to our old friends at Estancia Bichadero. The only prospect before us, in the shooting line, was small partridge. I am sure everyone will agree with me that, after a year's acquaintance with the spotted tinamou, the partridge shooting somewhat lacks that zest to be found when duck or snipe are the main object. The weather was magnificent, ten degrees of frost at night and hot days with but little wind.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

Rymer joined us at Bellaco, we then went on to Young, where we hoped to get a few snipe on Estancia Santa Isabel, belonging to a Uruguayan, called Pariete. Our hopes were more than fully realised, when we found the aforesaid marsh full of snipe. And what shooting! The snipe seemed possessed of the devil as they twisted and turned round and round the marsh. At the end of two hours the bag was sixty head; I will draw a veil over the number of cartridges expended to reach this total. We had planned to have lunch close to a bunch of trees, near some low-lying ground and, when crossing this area of about a hundred square yards, the air suddenly became full of snipe, rising from this small wet patch. Round and round they circled, presenting a difficult shot as they whirled over the tops of the trees. It only lasted a quarter of an hour and then they disappeared, or, rather, those that were left of them. Everyone was full of joy. We must have run into the migrating snipe, and if so, what excellent prospects there were ahead of us in the low marsh lands around Bichadero and the Camps bordering the Rio Negro where we were bound. Five martinetta also figured in the bag at the end of that fine day's sport.

Bichadero was reached shortly after dark and an effusive welcome was given us by our old host and hostess, Señor and Señora Navone. All the talk surrounded the prospects of snipe shooting, and only one day, during our whole stay, was devoted to "chicos." We shot over wires, and a fairly strong cross-wind added interest to this outing. The first "paloma grande" (pigeon) to figure in the game book was shot near the farm outhouses. These birds are very similar to English wood-pigeon in appearance.

On the 15th we went out after the snipe, shooting over the flooded meadows on Mr. Symond's estancia, Torre Alto, bordering the Rio Negro. Seventy-five, for four guns, were bagged during the morning, and this was added to in the afternoon, making a grand total of well over a hundred. After lunch I and two other guns went in the Symond's 15-knot launch up the river for about four leagues, to try and obtain a specimen of the "Parvo del Monte," which was reported to be quite numerous in the monte bordering the river. This bird gives no sport from the actual shooting point of view, as it is nearly always shot sitting, it being impossible to shoot them flying in the thick monte, which they



LOWE AND MORRIS
VARYING THE SPORT
BY A "JOY RIDE."



DUCK HIDE AT ESTANCIA SAN MARTIN.

SOUTH AMERICA

never leave. However, one has to work hard to get them. Practically every tree and bush is covered with sharp thorns, and the going is extremely difficult, owing to the dense undergrowth. The parvo is an adept at concealing himself. He usually gives away his presence by making a fearful din, which is a combination of chuckles and squawks, sometimes lasting for half a minute, invariably followed by a crash through the foliage. If he scents danger, he will remain perfectly still, his dark plumage providing excellent camouflage in the dull light of the monte. The method adopted was for each gun to search round for a fairly open space, where a clear view of the surrounding trees could be obtained, and then to remain perfectly still for about ten minutes. If nothing was seen or heard during this period, the operation was repeated in another place. It was not till dusk that I met with success. Having been standing for about five minutes in one place, I heard a sudden squawk quite close. A twitching tail could just be discerned in a tree. I fired ahead of the tail and, although the bird fluttered down to the ground, no trace of him could be found. At another stand, I was just thinking of leaving, when a head suddenly popped out of the foliage of a tree, thirty yards away. It was withdrawn almost immediately, but I had had time to spot the patch of red on the chin from which the parvo gets his name, so stood by for trouble. Sure enough, out it popped again and I fired. To my intense joy, it fell stone dead, and proved a splendid specimen for the skinning knife. The rest of the party had had no luck.

It was now very cold, and I don't think any of us will forget the trip back, huddled together in the bows almost freezing. We had a long drive ahead of us too. During the drive one quite forgot the cold by watching, with admiration, the wonderful way the peon handled his four-in-hand. It was pitch dark and we were driving over open camp, through marsh and rough ground, trying to strike the road to the estancia. At first it seemed sheer luck when we missed a hole or a bit of swamp, but after it had happened again and again one realised that the driver was displaying that wonderful eyesight, sense of locality and handling of horses that can only be acquired by years of camp life. He never said a word during the performance, but kept up a continual torrent of uncouth noises to the horses, and it was only when the

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

road was finally struck that he murmured, " Buen," and relapsed into silence. A hot bath and a tot soon put us to rights.

The next afternoon, we had a " coursing " meeting. Everyone went out, making a cavalcade of ten horses. The pack was composed of four beautiful greyhounds and two nondescript dogs, all belonging to Navone. It was very interesting to see the dogs, of their own accord, spread out into a straight line and so trot over the camp. If one smelt something or nosed a bit, the two nearest dogs would move over and sniff round too. If there was no action to be taken they would spread out again. From the sport point of view we had no luck. They chopped two hares and ran another for about a hundred and fifty yards before killing him, but the sight of the dogs working, and the ride, terminated by a glorious race home, made it a very pleasant afternoon's amusement.

Four of the guns left early the following morning, for Bellaco, to try to shoot some camp deer, while the remainder shot over Mr. Young's snipe marsh at Estancia Esperanza. We had an excellent shoot, but it was completely spoilt by a most unfortunate accident, which occurred just as we were thinking of stopping and going back to the cars. A. T. H. had wounded a snipe, which fell close to the stream, and he and one of the other guns were standing by the spot, waiting to put " Gaucho " into the reeds to look for the snipe. As " Gaucho " was getting into the water, a gun accidentally went off. Luckily, it missed A. T. H.'s foot by an inch, but poor old " Gaucho " received the full charge in his chest from a distance of three feet. He made very little noise, but it was obvious when we got him out of the water that the only thing to do was to hasten his death with a revolver. " Gaucho " was an excellent shooting dog, young, and most affectionate, and his unfortunate loss was very much felt by us all. Kipling knew a thing or two when he wrote that poem about a dog. I will leave it at that.

That afternoon we drove back to Estacion Young, our train picking up the rest of the party at Bellaco. They had been successful in securing a buck each, two of them possessing very fine heads. Mr. Rymer told me that the old buck with a head carrying twelve points, which we all tried to get last year, had been found dead, from foot and mouth disease, at the beginning of this year. His head now adorns Estancia Bellaco.

CHAPTER XII

IBICUY—ZARATE—AMEGHINO—MADARIAGA—YEARLY BAG.

Reference Map No. 5.

While on our way from the Uruguay River to Zarate on the Parana, we stopped at Ibicuy for a few days. General Harrison, manager of the Entrerios Railway, had kindly given A. T. H. a private coach (with restaurant car attached) to take him and a party further up the line, for a few days. Eight guns, each with a beater, formed the party. A shoot over the two lagoons near the line at Fernandez produced a hundred and fifty head of wild fowl. Moving up to kilometre 361, they encountered good snipe country and also had some fine fighting. At Medanos the country was too civilised, and they had to go a long way before striking good shooting ground. On the return journey, a hundred snipe were bagged at kilometre 361. Their total bag was seven hundred, containing about an equal number of duck and snipe. That rare and beautiful bird, the ring-necked teal, was shot here by A. T. H. for the first time. Several painted snipe were also included in the bag. The painted snipe in this country differs from its cousin of China by having white spots on the wings instead of yellow.

Those who remained behind went to inspect our old snipe ground of last year at Paranacitos. No train was available but, nothing daunted, we completed the journey in two "4-man power" trolleys, taking an hour and a half to get there. On arrival, we spread out and, at first, very few snipe were seen. All at once the air became thick with birds a quarter of a mile to our left, where Parnall was seen to be loading and firing as fast as possible. Our luck had held good. We had

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

again struck the migrating snipe, flying about in bunches of fifty to a hundred, or more. Harwood's first two shots brought down five snipe. The bunches soon split up, and for the next two hours we enjoyed magnificent sport. Scattering ourselves in a wide circle over the marsh, the birds were kept constantly moving, and I have never seen anything like it and never expect to again. We bagged a hundred and ten in just over two hours.

A short breather for lunch and then off to the old duck haunt. Here we met with disappointment. We had taken the *Yellow Peril* with us (a boat similar to a Norwegian "pram," made in the ship and very light, so that two men could carry it), but we found all the deep water of last year was overgrown by tall reeds. Duck were very scarce, and the old stand for the fighting proved a miserable failure, as only two duck came over. Later on, we met one of the natives, who told us that duck had been very plentiful in April and the beginning of May, but did not frequent this place again much before August, when they returned to start pairing off for the breeding season. So, mark this well—June for the migrating snipe, and the end of July or April for the duck. I don't know how long the snipe remain here. There was nothing like the number in July last year, and none of them were migratory—all natives who breed there year after year. There was no train at 6.30 to take us back, but there was a roaring wood fire, so the party sat round this and cooked bully beef, filleted duck, and made tea, etc., to while away the time. The train arrived at 11.15, and we finally got on board shortly after midnight, wet and tired, but thoroughly contented with our excellent sport.

On *June 21* an expedition was made to the marshes on the left of the railway round kilo. 379 hut. The place was teeming with duck and snipe, but very wild, and the strong breeze that was blowing made difficult shooting. After five hours plodding through mud and water, a hundred and forty-nine snipe and twenty-four duck were obtained for seven guns. Considering the weather conditions, the marksmanship was good. We came back on the top of some freight cars attached to a goods train. I think "Ahlee" thought his last hour had come.



AT IBICUY STATION.



EN ROUTE TO PARANACITOS BY HAND TROLLEY.

SOUTH AMERICA

On *June 23* three of us went on an exploring expedition to the east of the railway station. The reeds were known to be too thick and the water and mud too deep to wade through, but it was argued that, as there were such large numbers of duck, there must be a lagoon in the vicinity. I shall never forget that trip. Not knowing our way about in the least we soon found ourselves floundering about in mud up to our knees. The going was awful, the climax being reached when Mr. Little, commonly known as Poomba, got stuck, and slowly sat down in the water and mud. He was out of sight, owing to the thick reeds, although only separated from us by a few yards. His remarks on mud and duck shooting were particularly choice, and the laughter, which greeted his efforts to get out, did not help to lessen the electric tension of the air! After a quarter of an hour more of floundering, a lagoon was at last sighted. Going was much better, and we soon found good billets and were able to notice the directions taken by the majority of the duck. The best place gave one a stand amongst reeds, just over the ankles in mud, with fairly clear places around, although it meant a wade up to the waist, in some places, to retrieve shot duck. A dog would have been useless, owing to the thick reeds. The party was only at the lagoon an hour, but bagged nine duck and lost five. On the way back we struck a practically dry path, leading from the railway galpones to a small hut close to the lagoon. If we had only known of this before!

The next day, for a couple of hours before sunset, we piloted six guns to the lagoon and had some excellent shooting, bagging twenty duck and losing nine. An amusing incident happened during the afternoon. Harwood and myself had both waded in, after wounded duck, from opposite ends of the lagoon, and to prevent them diving to the bottom, we wanted to give them another barrel each. Unfortunately, they were directly between us. It was decided that Harwood should shoot at his duck, while I turned round and presented my stern view to him to receive any stray pellets, and vice versa when I shot at mine. He apparently killed his all right, but, while bent double during my firing, his duck again dived, and, on turning round to recover it, it had gone! Poomba, who had been watching this performance from another side on the bank, said he had never seen anything so

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

ridiculous, not having clearly seen what was going on ; so no wonder thoughts of lunacy crossed his brain, when he saw us standing up to our knees in water, apparently having pot shots at each other's rear !

On the *25th* we sailed for Zarate and arrived the same day, securing alongside the Smithfield Frigorifico. This is a most relaxing place, and everyone felt half dead. On Saturday seven guns had a most entertaining pigeon shoot. There is a large brick tower, erected close to the manager's (Mr. McCann) house, in which hundreds of pigeons have made their home. The guns are stationed in fields surrounding the tower, and then the pigeons are stirred up and give one excellent shooting. Owing to the tower being on a hill, the birds come over rather high, but otherwise one couldn't wish for better shots. Six guns got forty-four, in just under an hour.

The next day eight guns started off up the river at 3.30 a.m. (most of us only got on board after midnight) for a duck shoot, accompanied by four guns from the Anglo Frigorifico, in the company's motor-launch. We had to go up a side estuary of the main river, which was very narrow, and it was a difficult job to follow them in the pitch darkness. Several times the boat was within an ace of running ashore. Eventually we arrived about 6.30 a.m., and had to walk a mile and a half, through mud and thick pampas grass, to the lagoon. Three horsemen accompanied us as beaters, but the water was too deep for their horses to walk through. Nothing would induce the duck to leave the centre of the lagoon and, after two hours weary wait in the reeds, everyone tramped back to the boats ; a rather disconsolate party, very sleepy and with only five duck. We have since learnt that, owing to the large quantity of lagoons round this neighbourhood, duck shooting is always a gamble, ending as most gambles usually do, in getting away with only a small dole of the goods ! Later, on meeting some of our friends of this trip, we learnt that they had now mastered the working of these lagoons, and were continually getting good bags. Unfortunately, our party never had another opportunity of visiting them. This completed one year of our stay in these waters, and I think it interesting to quote our bag :—

SOUTH AMERICA

Bag from June 20, 1919, to June 19, 1920.

Guemal		1	<i>Brought forward</i>	608
Corzuela	Deer	1	Swans (2 kinds)	8
Pampas		13	Flamingo	2
Guanaco		19	Geese (4 kinds)	588
Peccary		2	Duck (10 kinds)	856
Capybara		15	Teal (6 kinds)	688
Racoons		3	Snipe	1590
Wild Goats		2	Seed Snipe (3 kinds)	32
Cavy		3	Plover (3 kinds)	84
Hares		503	Ibis (3 kinds)	14
Rabbits		38	Whimbrel	10
Viscacha		2	Various	114
Nutria		1	Large Tinamou (3 kinds)	1338
Rhea		4	Small Tinamou (2 kinds)	10030
Guan		1		
		608	Grand Total	15962

On leaving Zarate, A. T. H. and three guns again visited Mr. Wilson, at Ameghino. It was rather a difficult task for Wilson to place four guns where he could easily place twenty, but, by careful selection, and the judicious use of peons on horseback, who were continually riding from lagoon to lagoon putting up the duck, we were able to enjoy excellent sport. A great many birds were lost in the dense reeds. These reeds are absolutely undermined by small black guinea-pigs, and their holes and burrows afford ample cover to wounded birds. There is nothing so unsatisfactory, to my mind, as losing a wounded bird. Black-necked and coscoroba swan were much in evidence, and fifteen black-headed duck also figured in the bag of three hundred head for the three days.

Egrets were very numerous on the lagoons. The feathers (or rather two or three on each bird) are very valuable, a kilo (roughly two pounds) of them being worth about £600. They only have these special feathers during the breeding season, and it is a most regrettable custom of the "estancieros" to allow the professional native "sportsman" to come and shoot them while nesting. These so-called sportsmen mark down the feeding-places of the birds, and then, wearing a cap of white feathers, stand in wait for them to come in and settle. They then massacre them on the water. Flamingoes are fairly common in this

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

vicinity. These birds are very much redder than their mates, found up in the higher passes of the Andes.

On *July 12* Mr. Eddy, accompanied by the British Minister, Mr. Macleay, invited A. T. H. and two guns to go and prospect some lagoons at General Madariaga, about twelve hours run from B. A. The land belonged to a Mr. O'Connor, who also accompanied us. We travelled *de luxe* in a special train and arrived at our destination about 7 a.m. The weather was truly awful. An icy cold wind blew at gale force, accompanied by snow, sleet and deluges of rain, throughout the day. No one knew much about the shooting, but O'Connor at least knew where the lagoons were, so directly after breakfast the party started off. Most of us were wet through and like icicles by the time we reached the lagoons, a quarter of an hour away. Three flat-bottomed boats were brought with us, including the *Yellow Peril*, and the latter certainly lived up to its name on this eventful day. The lagoons in question were found to be much too large and deep to provide much sport. The duck, which were there in innumerable quantities, when put up, simply shifted from one batch of reeds to the other, and rarely left the centre. If they did fly out at all, they were so high, by the time they reached the banks, that a shot was useless. An attempt was made to drive the ducks out of the centre, but only ended in the *Yellow Peril* capsizing with the peon, who was thoroughly frightened and, I am sure, wouldn't voluntarily have chosen this day for his yearly bath. Another fellow, on a horse, got kicked off in the middle, lost his gun, and was dragged about by the stirrup for half an hour before he could disengage his foot and swim ashore! I took a perilous journey in the *Yellow Peril* and, eventually, reached the middle of the reeds safely with gun and cartridges, but did not get a shot. It was now pouring with rain, and the duck refused to fly. It was only possible to sit in the bottom of the boat with outstretched legs, and, with the rain coming down in torrents, this unstable craft soon had an inch of icy cold water in the bottom. Ugh! It took me a long time to paddle back to dry land, against the wind and rain, but eventually, I managed it with the help of A. T. H. I was absolutely frozen by now, and most of us were in the same plight; as the duck refused to move, there was nothing to be done, but to return to the train and get a shift. There was

SOUTH AMERICA

not much competition to resume operations after lunch, but about three o'clock the weather cleared a little and the rain stopped. So we again set forth in various directions prospecting and, ere nightfall, we had discovered a very good fighting position on the railway line, between two large sheets of water. The bag for this appalling day was twenty-six duck, mostly shot by A. T. H., who, as usual, had been out the whole time, except for a hurried lunch.

It blew hard that night, but the next morning was beautiful, frosty, no cloud, sun out and a fair breeze. We took two boats and, riding and driving, set off for a very large lagoon, about three miles away, which was surrounded by several smaller lagoons. After yesterday's escapade, five out of the eight peons were laid up, but we managed to collect one or two more. The big lagoon was full of duck, swan and flamingoes, but much too big to waste any time over. I rode round it, to see if there were any possible hides for fighting, while the others went off, with the boats, to some of the smaller lagoons. Here they enjoyed good sport. The boats were again hard to handle, owing to the strong wind, but the horses were able to walk right across some of the lagoons and so kept the duck on the move. During my wanderings I came across a small lagoon, on which there must have been a thousand duck, which got up in a cloud when I was about five hundred yards off. On coming up to the lagoon I found it possible to wade right across, the water only coming up to my knees. Tethering my horse to a log, out of sight of the water, I waded in and took up my position in the centre. The lagoon was circular in shape, of sixty yards radius, and covered with green reed, which should prove a most tempting lure for the duck. I had only taken up my position about five minutes, when the first duck came in. Six of them (pintail), right over my head. I bagged a couple and, from then onwards, for two hours, I had the finest sport imaginable. A small boy appeared from a hut close by and acted as retriever, being most useful, and once, during the battue, I had to send him back to the train on my horse for more cartridges. At the end of two hours my feet were practically frozen and, as it was getting dark, I decided to pack up. My bag, during this period, was thirty-three duck, chiefly brown and Bahama pintail, and a few grey and cinnamon teal. This was the first time we had seen the Bahama pintail. A beautiful bird, the white

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

cheeks and neck making him very conspicuous in flight. They always seemed to be in company with brown pintail, and I don't think I saw more than one flight by itself. I had to borrow the "muchacho's" garters to tie the duck up, and had an awful job to get on the horse, who objected to the duck. Imagine me with gun, cartridge bag and frozen feet, festooned with thirty-three duck, riding back to the train. Once one garter broke, scattering a dozen duck about the ground, but my faithful retriever came to the rescue and collected them for me. He was an excellent kid, and I hope that he didn't catch cold after being wet through, and that his mother didn't pinch the *douceur* that I gave him for his valuable assistance. I met the other guns close to the train. They had enjoyed excellent sport, and our bag totalled over a hundred. What a difference from yesterday. Unfortunately we had to get back to B. A. that night, otherwise the bag would probably have been doubled the next day, as the weather had now set fair and we knew the best spots to shoot without wasting time prospecting. I shall never forget Madariaga. I don't think I have ever been so cold in my life as on that first day, and never certainly have I enjoyed such excellent sport as I did during those two divine hours on the second.

CHAPTER XIII

IBICUY—MONTERAZ SHOOTING—SANTA FÉ.

Reference Map No. 5.

On leaving B. A., the ship was stuck on the mud in the channel for forty-eight hours, but the *Petersfield* came alongside and took off A. T. H. and myself, instead of waiting for us at Montevideo. We again stopped at Ibicuy on our way to Rosario. Here we met Mr. Jewell, who was kindly taking us up country to Cordoba. We visited Paranacitos, but found the old snipe haunt completely dried up. The marsh near Kilometre 389 was in excellent condition, the water having gone down a lot, making the marsh much easier to walk through; the water in most places only came up to one's ankles. The lagoons which can be seen on the left of the railway line contained a lot of duck. A short day round these lagoons produced thirty duck.

The next day we visited the same spot and again found snipe in enormous quantities. They were very shy, however, and most of the shooting was at long range; they had given up their previous habit of flying back over the guns after completing a circle in the air. Everyone was shooting well and, by lunch time, a hundred and twenty snipe and three or four duck had been bagged. After lunch the party started out again, when a most regrettable incident occurred, necessitating the cessation of shooting for nearly two hours, and probably spoiling what might have been a record bag. I was on the extreme left of the line, and was sauntering along, having just fired at a snipe, when I suddenly found myself attacked by a gentleman, who was evidently chief of the police, and one of his underlings; both on horseback with drawn swords and revolvers pointed at my "Little

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

Mary." I was surrounded and, with much waving of swords and brandishing of pistols, was told to "Vamos" (come on). I could only reply "Donde?" (where), which seemed to infuriate them more and increased their shouting. I tried to explain that there was a gentleman the other end of the line who could talk Spanish fluently, but it was of no avail, and suddenly my gun, which was loaded, but luckily at safe, was snatched from my hands and there were more yells of "Vamos." Jewell, who was the gentleman I referred to as speaking Spanish, had seen the last episode, and immediately proceeded full speed to the rescue. After much palaver I was given back my gun, and Jewell was taken off, with a police friend each side of him, to interview the owner of the property. After an hour and a half he came back, riding the owner's horse, having won a complete victory. Apparently the trouble was this. The traffic manager had told us we could shoot here, but had evidently forgotten to tell the owner, who was a pal of his. The "capitaz," or foreman, had met us that morning and said he asked me if we had permission to shoot and I had told him "No"! My Spanish is very bad, but I am sure he didn't ask me that. Having got incoherent answers from me, he went back to the owner and told him that poachers, speaking in a foreign tongue, were shooting over his land. The owner immediately sent for the police and hence the whole trouble. After explaining the situation, he at once gave us permission to continue shooting and all was peace.

I can't help wondering what would have happened if Jewell hadn't been there, as none of us could talk much Spanish. We should certainly have been rounded up, but I doubt very much if any of us would have been taken to prison without bloodshed. A. T. H.'s remark on being asked what he did during the fracas was rather amusing. He replied that he substituted No. 4 shot for the No. 8 he had in his gun at the time. It appears that I was mistaken for a notorious poacher whom they had been looking for for some time. From this it can be deduced that my shooting kit was hardly in accordance with that found in a fashionable grouse drive in Scotland! It was discovered later that poachers may be shot at sight. Jolly thought! Naturally, I had my leg pulled about "Heroes of the Great War" being intimidated by dago policemen! However, all's well that ends well, and we had

SOUTH AMERICA

some excellent fighting that evening, which produced over sixty duck. I think this ranks as one of the best day's sport we experienced in S. America, a hundred and ninety-nine snipe and over sixty duck with four and a half guns.

I mustn't omit a word about "Kenny." "Kenny" had been borrowed by Jewell from a friend for the trip. He was a French pointer mongrel, with a split nose and positively hideous. I fed him the first night he came on board, and after that he wouldn't look at Jewell, but stuck to me. He was as excellent as he was ugly. During the fighting he sat in the water alongside me, absolutely immovable, and never took his ugly face off mine for a second, except when retrieving a duck. If I fired and missed he never moved, but his face shipped a disappointed expression. If I brought one down he was off like a flash after it. I never lost a single duck, and it was pitch dark when we finished. He had a splendid nose for partridges, and later, when we went up to Cordoba, monteraz shooting, he was invaluable. I would have given anything to have been able to keep him. He was not always good-natured, as you will read later in the chapter.

On *July 21* we left Rosario for Rio Segundo, in company with Jewell and Parnall, to try for some monteraz shooting, five leagues from the station. This was my first experience of monteraz, and, now that I have been out after them three times, I am going to risk getting into bad odour with mine hosts, should they ever read this book, and lay down the law on the subject. Monteraz, or the Cinerous tinamou, live in the thick monte, or woods. Their favourite haunt is under the bigger trees of the monte amongst the thick thorn bushes, which, incidentally, tear one's clothes to pieces. The best time to shoot them is at early morn or dewy eve, as during the middle of the day they lie close and will not get up, unless you have good dogs, or else walk on them. Their flight is erratic. A few sharp beats of the wings, a sail, then more beats, and so on. Out in the open, where they are sometimes found, they are not worth shooting, but in the monte they are very good sport. Any gun in the line may fire at a bird, as, in most cases, they have a habit of getting between a bush and the nearest gun. It is snap-shooting of the very best type, as they swoop in and out of the trees, only giving you a momentary glimpse of them to get a clear shot. You will see

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

from this that a large number of guns are useless. It is impossible to keep in line in the thick monte, and if you down a bird it means everyone has to stop while you look for it. Therefore, to do the thing properly and enjoy good sport,

- (1) Don't have more than two guns, or three at the most, in the line.
- (2) A good dog is essential.
- (3) The best time for shooting is two hours after sunrise and two hours before sunset. The middle of the day is useless.

Mr. Kennard, a thorough sportsman, joined us at Rio Segundo, and we had an excellent day's sport. We worked in two parties of three guns, with two dogs to each party. Unfortunately, it was impossible to get there early, and in the middle of the day there was not much shooting. But later in the afternoon birds were plentiful and the dogs worked very well. The bag totalled seventy-three.

That evening we went on to Cordoba, staying the night with Mr. Kennard, and the following morning motored twenty-five miles to Est. San Agustin in the Cordoba Hills. The estancia is delightfully situated at the foot of the hills, and the view was simply magnificent. After the flat monotonous country, which one meets all over the Argentine until the Cordoba Hills are reached, it is possible one may exaggerate the prettiness of this change of scenery. Two delightful days were spent here. Four other guns had turned up. The first day there were seven, and the second nine, guns in the line. From the point of view of shooting monteraz, this was far too many. The first day we only got a dozen, but made up for it by getting a hundred and sixty chicos.

The second day was organised for a monteraz shoot only. Our host, Mr. Shielie, insisted on all nine guns being in the line. We got up at five, and after breakfast started out, and were in position as the sun rose. A perfectly beautiful day, and everyone was full of joy at the thought of the shooting. *But* after five minutes in the monte the line became corrugated, and there was more attention paid to where your next door gun was than to shooting. The air was full of shouting, "Where are you?" "Come on, on the right!" "Can't you stop while I look for this



THE CROWD WAITING TO COME ON BOARD AT SANTA FE.



WITH KENNARD AND A MOTOR TROLLEY NEAR CORDOBA.

SOUTH AMERICA

bird ? ” “ Have you seen my dog ? ”—and so on *ad infinitum*. Every ten minutes or so, we collected and renewed our efforts to keep the line. Eventually, five guns got collected within arm's distance of each other, and were having a heated argument about what to do next, when one of the dogs flushed a monteraz quite close. A furious cannonade then ensued from the crowd, who had quite forgotten their own grievances in the excitement of the moment. History doesn't relate whether the unfortunate bird got away to die of fright later, or whether it fell there and then with about a pound of shot in it, but the fact remains that when the firing died down, one gentleman (somewhat portly withal) had seven shot holes in his hat, and rumour hath it that his hair was singed. A. T. H. heard two of the party vying with each other as to which one had done it. I rather suspected the “ oldo piecee,” but as he later completely disappeared into a hole while walking along, and hurt his leg rather badly, he was exonerated. The portly one, funnily enough, fell into the hole too, while trying to extricate his would-be assassin !

Altogether it was a most amusing and enjoyable day. Our companions were extremely pleasant, and displayed great keenness over the shooting. The bag was fifty-three monteraz, which did not quite come up to expectations ; but can you wonder ? That afternoon we left for Santa Fé, by way of Rosario, and arrived there, after a very comfortable trip, in time for lunch the following morning.

There are only five Englishmen in Santa Fé, but these and the local inhabitants gave us a tremendous reception. Photographs of the crowds watching the ship come alongside will give some idea of the enthusiasm. At a dinner here, given by the Governor and officials, in honour of the officers, a rather amusing incident occurred, of which the aforementioned “ Kenny ” was the cause.

In the middle of dinner, when conversation was at a height, a seaman suddenly appeared in the doorway and, in the deathly hush that ensued, asked for our doc. Everyone thought some serious accident had happened on board. The seaman, scanning the rows of anxious faces, eventually spotted the doc., and announced to him, in a loud voice, “ Please sir, ‘ Kenny ’ has bitten the coxswain's nose, and it won't stop bleeding ” ! Though

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

sympathising with the coxswain, we could not help yelling with laughter, which was renewed in vigour when an Argentine gentleman, trying to shew his sympathy, murmured "poor 'Ookey,'" quite solemnly, having been told that the man's name was Hooker. He, of course, could not understand the joke he had made, and an explanation in Spanish was beyond any of us. Eventually, the Consul explained matters, and they all joined in the joke.

Several duck shoots were organised to the lagoons, for duck were to be found in innumerable quantities around the small channels near the river Santa Fé. Practically every native living on the banks of these streams is an enthusiastic wildfowler. His gun is usually fifty years old, pitted inside and out, and looks thoroughly dangerous; a lot of them are muzzle-loaders. Nevertheless, they do quite good execution, and some are good shots. They know exactly where to go for the fighting, and during the early morning and evening deafening detonations can be heard from all quarters. It can be seen from this that in order to get good sport one must get to some spot outside the reach of "los locales."

We were lucky enough to meet a Señor Casanella, who owned several of the islands near Santa Fé and who was a very keen sportsman. He organised two trips for us, which produced good sport, but failed to reach the highest zenith of excellence, due to the failure of the "stirring up" party in the execution of their duty. For successful duck shooting in this part of the world, where there are so many lagoons, it is essential to have an indefatigable "stirring up" party, who are not afraid of getting wet up to the waist. They must have the shoot carefully explained to them, and then, as soon as the guns are placed, proceed to the surrounding lagoons and keep the duck on the move.

One day we sat for four hours without a shot, while, on two distant lagoons, literally thousands of duck could be seen getting up and settling again. It would have been no use the guns going there, as it is hard to shoot with water up to one's waist and next to impossible to retrieve the duck. Accordingly, our positions had been selected on comparatively dry ground, in the line of fighting, and where duck could easily be recovered. As soon as the "stirring up" party reached the lagoon, we got over sixty duck in half an hour! On occasions like these the *Yellow Peril* was invaluable for crossing deep water, etc., and its presence probably



PARTY AT RIO SEGUNDO.



MONTERAZ COUNTRY, RIO SEGUNDO.

SOUTH AMERICA

doubled the bag by enabling us to retrieve duck from the most impossible places. One day A. T. H. got seventy-five duck to his own gun ; mostly rosy bills and fulvous. Teal are rarely seen in this locality. It was found that the best shooting to be had was an hour's run in a motor-launch from Santa Fé. Señor Casanella was most hospitable, and went to great trouble organising these trips. While in these waters, several parties visited the surrounding country, on the kind invitation of Mr. Jewell and Mr. Kennard. While here I received a skin of Pentland's tinamou from Mr. Keene, kindly sent me from his estancia in the Cordoba Hills. This bird is the smallest of the tinamou tribe.

CHAPTER XIV

PARAGUAY RIVER.

Reference Map No. 5.

On *July, 30* A. T. H. and myself were transferred to the *Petersfield*, bound for Asuncion. We expected to pick up the British Minister at Corrientes to take him the remainder of the journey, in order to be present at the inauguration of the new President of Paraguay. All were full of hope as regards shooting prospects, as many fellows we had met assured us that deer and jaguar ran about in herds practically everywhere in Paraguay. We were soon to learn that these glowing accounts came from men who had known the Paraguayan Chaco twenty and thirty years ago, and fondly imagined that conditions to-day would be the same as they were then. The only books we could obtain on the subject were written in the early fifties and sixties, so that they were of little use.

Our first stop was at Goya, where we had an invitation to shoot with a certain Mr. Speroni. He met us on arrival and lamented not only that the roads were impossible owing to the recent floods, but also duck were so scarce that it was not worth while going after them. At Corrientes no one knew much about shooting and had never seen any game, except a few chicos and duck. Later, the Captain of the Port came on board and assured us that he knew where the duck were to be found, and placed his launch and coxswain at our disposal. Accordingly, a party set forth one afternoon. After steaming up a side stream for an hour, the coxswain was asked when we were going to arrive in the duck area. He replied by waving his arms in every direction and saying, "Later, later." We steamed for another



PETERSFIELD AT ASUNCION.



THE CAMP AT ESTANCIA VICTORIA.

SOUTH AMERICA

hour and then suddenly, on coming round a corner, saw the *Petersfield* at anchor about two miles away. One more appeal was made to the coxswain, who again waved his arms about and said "No duck," and shortly afterwards we went alongside the ship. The coxswain was beaming all over when we got out, and it was rather galling to have to thank him, and the Captain of the Port, for such a very pleasant run, expatiating on our enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, while in reality our only feelings were regret for the complete absence of duck. "El Capitan" was awfully pleased, and told us he didn't expect us to get much shooting, but the country was "so pretty"! Naturally, we were subjected to a lot of chaff by our mess-mates and, altogether, our "busman's holiday" was hardly appreciated.

We left Corrientes as soon as the Minister was on board, and arrived at Asuncion on *August 12*. Here I met some interesting people, and my ideas of the Paraguayan Chaco were very soon altered, especially from a sporting point of view. The Acting British Consul, Mr. Paris, had spent most of his life in the surrounding country, and his yarns were most interesting. He told me that, twenty years ago, the Chaco was practically uninhabited, except by wild tribes of Indians, representing the lowest type of humanity in existence. Even now, outside the missionary area, the Indians are still very hostile to the white man. In one place you might have returned to the Stone Age. Their only clothing is the skin of animals, and all their utensils and weapons are roughly fashioned out of stone. Bone and stone arrow-heads are used, and their weapons consist of very inferior bows and arrows and clubs. They live by hunting, using the skins for clothing and the meat for food. Every year a certain percentage of their children are killed, as a material increase in the tribes would soon reduce the food question to a vital point and mean the complete extinction of the race. In spite of this brutal precaution they are very quickly dying off.

The best shooting there was up the Pilcamayo River, the boundary between the Argentine and Paraguayan Chaco. This land has now been bought up, for a distance of two or three hundred miles, and the game has retreated right into the wilds, which are almost impossible to penetrate.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

Another man I met had just returned from a fourteen days' trip up the river from Corumba, which is five hundred miles above Asuncion. He was a keen sportsman and had done all he could to get a jaguar or big deer (ciervo), but his efforts had proved quite futile, and his party hadn't even come across the tracks of one. The only game they got was the small deer called guasu or corzuela; the head is hardly worth keeping as a trophy, but the meat makes good eating.

An Australian we met, called Hill, had an enormous estancia of fifty-five square leagues, a hundred miles north of Asuncion, and he invited us to go up for three or four days' stay in camp and see something of the Chaco. There was a certain amount of game to be had, and always the chance of a big deer (ciervo—similar to the red-deer of Scotland), and perhaps a jaguar. We accepted with alacrity and, having borrowed four tents from the head of the Paraguayan Army, set off for Rosario, arriving there the same evening. The weather was perfectly glorious. Here in the middle of the winter one was experiencing a hot English summer's day. A good many mosquitoes about, but the ship being mosquito proof they did not worry us very much. The river is most picturesque. On the occasion of our trip it was in flood, stretching a long way back into the monte, making landing in most places absolutely impossible. The banks are fringed with dense jungle, containing trees and bushes possessing every shade of green, with here and there the beautiful "La Pacho" tree, which has a pink bloom just like the almond. The whole presents a perfect picture; but get into that picture and experience flies and ticks of all descriptions, and thorns sometimes an inch or more long, and perfection will soon become persecution. Luckily for us, it was winter, and most of the more objectionable flies, such as bott flies (which lay their eggs under your skin, eventually producing a sore somewhat like a boil, from which one extracts a large maggot), jiggers, snakes and such like, were non-existent. However, mosquitoes and garapatas (small ticks about the size of a flea) were much in evidence. The log hut, which served as an estancia, lay about half an hour's trip in a motor-boat up a small stream abreast our anchorage. That night most of the heavy stuff, such as camp-beds, tents, etc., were sent up river. We followed early the next morning with the remainder of the gear. A bullock



THE BRITISH MINISTER.
(Note peon's bare feet and one toe in the stirrup.)



BONHAM ON A STRANGE MOUNT.

SOUTH AMERICA

wagon took it from the estancia to the camp, about three miles out, while everyone else rode. Tents, mosquito nets, guns, etc., were soon unpacked and, in half an hour, the camp was in order. Here were spent three most perfect days, and I will try to describe some of our experiences.

Every day we split up into parties, always on horseback, to cover the ground quickly and get through the swamps, only getting off before starting to beat the monte. A snipe marsh lay a hundred yards from the camp, and the last thing I heard when turning in at night and the first in the morning, was that delightful sound of a snipe drumming. I believe they went on all night. We did not shoot many, as we were out for bigger stuff, and could not waste much time on them. The camp was surrounded by large montes, separated by swamps or pasture ground. It was in these swamps we expected to find the large deer.

The first night rather an exciting incident took place. Hardman, Hill's major domo, and Baker were riding back to the camp, about sunset, when a peon suddenly appeared and, after a small argument, made a slash at Hardman with his knife and then at his horse. Hardman's pistol jammed at the critical moment, but the horse broke free and he was able to fire three shots at the retreating peon before he disappeared. Baker, who was unarmed, galloped to the camp and told us what was going on. Help was immediately sent, but it was impossible to enter the monte, so the party returned to the camp. The peon, who was apparently drunk, had been sacked, two months before, by Hardman and had threatened to kill him. The knife had penetrated his hand, and our doc. had his first job after a couple of months. A real touch of the "wild and woolly West," and it was rather a typical demonstration of what may happen in these out of the way parts of the world. If Hardman had killed the peon (he didn't wound him as a matter of fact, as he was seen about six miles from the camp the next day) he would have been left to the vultures. These filthy birds swarm about the monte and camp.

The next day, a native "capitaz" came to the camp with a pack of fifteen dogs of every description to assist in beating the monte. The guns took up position, about sixty yards apart, just inside the far end. After the first beat, the dogs could be heard in the distance baying something, so MacLeod and myself

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

rode round to try and find out the cause. After twenty minutes riding, we left our horses and entered the monte, from whence the noise came. The sight that met my eyes was ludicrous. There were five peons hanging on to boughs of trees, in different attitudes, with their legs off the ground and all shouting, while in the centre was a large animal rushing about striking with fore and hind legs at the dogs, who were surrounding him. I had a shot gun with me, loaded with No. 1, and shot at the animal, which was a large ant-bear. This didn't seem to have any effect, as he still went on trying to get the dogs, so I fired again at his ear and killed him immediately. It was a splendid specimen. The cause of the peons' presence up the trees was, that having no firearms they had tried to lasso the beast, and getting in too close in their excitement, the bear had suddenly rushed amongst them, while trying to get at the dogs.

Another monte produced three peccary, or wild pig. One of these charged between MacLeod's legs, and he only just jumped out of the way in time.

The following morning three of the party with rifles, and accompanied by beaters, rode over to a swamp, where a large deer (ciervo) had been seen by some peons a few days before. Unfortunately, the deer broke before the guns were ready. It actually passed twenty yards behind the Minister, who was still on his horse in high grass, and unable to turn round quick enough to fire. A. T. H. was also caught napping for once, as he did not know the beaters were up to the marsh in question, and still had his rifle slung in a case over his shoulder. It was a matter of seconds before he had his rifle out, but too late, as the deer had by then disappeared into the palm trees, which were clustered very thickly round the edge of the swamp. It was hard luck, but, at the same time, bad work, and this fine opportunity never repeated itself, although the deer was seen by Hardman after we had broken camp two days later, and were returning to the boats. Later on, two parties went away, one to try and get a shot at a Muscovy duck (Pato reale), and the other to beat out some outlying monte for small deer. I went with the first party, and although we saw nine birds during the day, they were all too far away to make a shot possible. During this ride, I shot three guans (yacu), and a martinetta for the pot. On arrival at the camp, we found the



SKINNING THE ANT BEAR.



ANT BEAR.

SOUTH AMERICA

other party had not returned, so MacLeod and myself went off just before sunset to try and get a small deer (guasu). These pretty animals live in the middle of the thick monte during the day, and, about sunset, frequent the edges, preparatory to leaving for the open to feed during the night. They are very difficult to see, and will stand absolutely motionless, until a man is within thirty yards of them, and then make off through the monte at full speed, very rarely offering a shot. It was hard work going through the monte; quietness is essential, and most of the time one is walking bent double. The heat and the mosquitoes were awful, but all this was forgotten in the anticipation of seeing a deer and the necessity of keeping a good look out, and of trying to step quietly. Several times I presented my rifle at logs, only to get a tap on the shoulder from MacLeod and a whispered "log." We came across fresh tracks several times, and once, what I thought was a log suddenly became animated and crashed off before I could get a shot. Another time a deer broke behind us, and although it was in sight for several seconds, neither of us was able to get a clear shot. Later we secured two wild pig and a large goati (coon), and it was a pleasure to watch MacLeod skinning those pigs, after my own amateurish efforts. He had the skin off one pig in less than five minutes, and not an ounce of flesh was on the skin after he had finished. It was then getting dark so we had to start back for camp. On the way, we suddenly flushed two birds, which I thought were monteraz, and MacLeod, who had the shot gun, killed one. When he had retrieved it, imagine my delight to find it was a perfect specimen of that very rare bird "*tinamou undulatus*." There are only two specimens in the British Museum, one, a very poor one, much mutilated, that was collected by a Mr. Foster from a small boy who had caught it in a snare, and another which had arrived almost putrid. I skinned it with great care and transferred the contents of its crop (which consisted chiefly of ants and seeds) to a match box. We met the other party on return to camp, and they had secured one guasu, several pig, and half a dozen goati.

Early the next morning we had another beat for the large deer, who was not at home, and on return we reluctantly broke camp and started our trek back to the boats. Our bag for the four days was not very large or varied, but the whole trip had been

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

most enjoyable, and it was with many regrets we bid farewell to the Paraguayan Chaco. Most of us had many living reminders of the Chaco about our persons for several days after leaving, but after all a garapata is only a garapata, and an absolute gentleman compared with a "jigger."

On *August 27* we arrived at Goya. Mr. Malcolm, of the Forestal Company, had arranged a four days' shoot for us at Piracuacito. Unfortunately, on the way down, the pilot put the ship on the sandbank near Tres Bocas, owing to one of the buoys being out of position. We remained on that accursed bank three days, and as it was necessary for A. T. H. to get back to Buenos Aires, we very reluctantly had to cancel the Piracuacito trip and push straight on for Goya. That evening, most of us went out to try and get a duck in the neighbouring marshes. The flies were very bad, and the only one who fell in with any duck was Smythies. He came back to the ship two hours after dark with five duck and three teal to his credit. The duck were the masked or white-faced, of which I had only seen one specimen before. They appear to be a very rare duck in S. America. He stated that he saw two or three hundred in various flights. They are similar to the fulvous duck in their flight, and whistle incessantly when on the wing. If only we had all gone to this lagoon instead of separating we should have got a very good bag. The remainder of the party only bagged five Brazilian teal amongst them. Except for one solitary grey teal, the Brazilian teal is the only variety I have seen in this part of the world.

We arrived at Esquina the following afternoon, and six of us went off prospecting. Walking was bad in most places, one had to force oneself through thick reeds and grass above the head, or sink over the knees in deep mud or dense reed. A lot of duck were seen on the move a long way away, but nothing came within shot, with the exception of two or three Brazilian teal, until about five o'clock. Three of us, who had kept together, then came up to a magnificent swamp, covered with reed, and on our approach several small flights were seen to get off it. Smythies and myself accordingly waded into the middle of it, and took up stands well screened by high reeds. Crutchley, a maniac for walking, then proceeded to walk all round the marsh (about four or five miles). The result was excellent. He put up any number

SOUTH AMERICA

of duck, and a large number of them came over us. Retrieving was difficult, but luckily I had my servant with me, who, out duck-shooting, was as good as any retriever, didn't mind getting wet, and could spot birds well. We only lost six duck. Unfortunately, owing to darkness coming on and our uncertainty of finding the way back to the boat, we only had three-quarters of an hour's shooting, but, in that time, nineteen duck were bagged, not including the six lost. On my way out of the marsh, a large snake suddenly slid off an island of floating reed. I was very glad this did not happen before. Although probably harmless, I hated the idea of having these horrid reptiles swimming about when we were standing over our knees in the water. All the birds shot were rosy bills and Brazilian teal, with the exception of one fulvous. Smythies saw one flight of masked duck, but not within shot. As we stumbled our way back through the reeds and mud, the mosquitoes came out in millions. This was almost my worst experience of them. The other guns met us at the boat; they had had practically no shooting and only produced four duck. Early the next morning, we again got under way to continue our voyage to B.A. This was *September 1*, ushering in the close of the shooting season.

CHAPTER XV

BAHIA—TRINIDAD—PANAMA CANAL—WEST COAST— PYRAMID COVE.

We left Buenos Aires about the middle of October with the intention of proceeding to the West Coast via the Panama Canal. The shooting season in Brazil remains open until the end of October, and on arrival at Bahia, we found that the British Consul had arranged a snipe shoot for us, in some marshes a day's journey from the town. Unfortunately, owing to quite unforeseen circumstances, it was necessary to leave for Pernambuco almost immediately. It was a great disappointment, as these marshes were famous for snipe, and only a week before, four guns had obtained a bag of two hundred in one day. The crested, or carunculated duck also inhabited this locality, and the trip would have afforded our only opportunity of shooting some specimens of this gigantic bird.

During the long sea trips through the tropics, we were quite successful with the ocean rod. This is worthy of a small description. A boom, about the size of a sounding boom and as long as possible, is rigged out abreast the quarter deck screen. It is fitted in the normal way with topping lift and guys. The line, 150 fathoms long, consisting of one and a quarter inch rope with ten fathoms of sounding wire as a snooding, is rove as follows :—Through blocks on the outer and inner end of the boom, up through another block at the head of the main lower mast, the end being brought down again and secured to a practice projectile, which is shackled to one of the main stays, in such a way that it can travel freely up and down. Secured to the base of this projectile are smaller ones, also shackled to the stay and separated

SOUTH AMERICA

from each other by two or three fathoms of rope. These projectiles can be termed the "automatic player." What actually happens is this: A fish gets hooked. If the end of the line was secured to something immovable, the sudden jar (remember the ship is probably going eleven or twelve knots) would tend to pull the hook away from the fish's mouth, or else part the line. As it is, the jar is dispensed with by the projectile travelling freely up the stay as soon as the weight is felt. After travelling some distance, the smaller projectiles also come into play and help take the weight. If the strain lessens, the weights naturally move down again. Another advantage of the projectiles is, that one knows at once when a fish is on the line. An inhaul, with a thimble in one end to allow the line to ride easily through it, is necessary for hauling the line to ship's side. When hauling the line in with a fish on, the engines must be reduced to slow. If the way of the ship is stopped, it will be found very hard to bring the fish to the surface, and it may foul the bottom of the ship or bilge keel. By keeping way on, the fish will remain on the surface when brought alongside, so enabling a shot to be put through its gills; an effectual way of killing it. We used a big double-hooked gaff for securing the fish and hauling it up after killing. Gaffing is the hardest part. Probably the ship is rolling, and a bad thrust may knock the hook out of his mouth or damage the line. We were only once unsuccessful. The hundred and sixty-two pounder albacore, caught on this trip, took a deal of lifting after gaffing. The bait consists of two large hooks having a six inch shank. Over this shank is wrapped canvas and drill, making a torpedo-shaped body. Over the end a white drill swallow-tail is sewn, partially covering the hooks. It is supposed to represent a flying fish. All kinds of different coloured bodies and tails were tried, but white proved the only effective colour.

At Trinidad we met a very keen sportsman, Major De Pass, who knew the whole island inside out, and very kindly took several parties away after duck and pigeon. Although the resultant bags were small, they were very pleasant outings, and it is a poor sportsman who only judges his day's shoot by the size of the bag.

One evening a party went up to the swamps at the head of the Blue River. Very few duck were seen until dusk, when they

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

began coming in fairly large numbers. It was almost too dark to shoot, and even harder to gather the birds. Six were collected, which proved to be blue-winged teal, a close ally to the cinnamon teal found on the mainland.

On *November 14* three of us landed at 4.30 a.m., and motored out to the Caroni Swamp on the new Chagnauco Road. After walking for half a mile along the bank of the river, which was thick mud and very heavy going, we judged ourselves to be almost opposite the lagoons, which lay in the middle of the swamp. So, spreading out, the party entered the reeds. Progress was very slow, as most of the time one was up to the knees in water, and the reeds in some places were over one's head. Occasionally the water was up to our waists, but only for short periods. During this time, two or three large flights of fulvous duck and two small flights of blue-winged teal had been seen, but it was not until the lagoon was reached that we got any shooting. Once there, we had quite good fun, but gathering the birds was almost impossible. It is absolutely necessary for each gun to take a boy with him. We had forgotten to do this, and as a result, of the eighteen birds killed only six were gathered. On our way back to the cars, about 10 a.m. (it was no use waiting any longer), it poured with rain and, by the time the cars were reached, everyone was absolutely soaked through.

We then motored to Sangre Grande and had lunch at Brooklyn Cocoa Estate, with an old planter, called Labastide. It was a beautiful drive, and one quite forgot wet clothes in admiring the scenery. The road passed many cocoa plantations, with coffee trees planted in between, and judging by the amount of fruit on the trees, I should think they were in for a bumper crop. After lunch, our journey was continued to the Le Brouche River, a small stream running into the sea, about half a mile away, at Manzanilla. We embarked in two "coreales" or canoes, which are carved out of solid tree-trunks, and were paddled down the river to positions, from which the pigeon had been seen coming over a few days before. The scenery was perfectly beautiful. Trees of all shapes and sizes grew right down to the water's edge. It would have been quite impossible to force a way through this dense forest. As dusk came on, the fire-flies came out, and I have never seen anything more enchanting than the millions of



PITCH LAKE AT TRINIDAD.



A CATCH WITH THE OCEAN ROD.

SOUTH AMERICA

fire-flies which twinkled amongst the trees, as we passed down the river. The pigeons had evidently found a new roost, as only two were seen and one shot. Our boatmen told us that we were lucky to have found so few mosquitoes there, as sometimes both this place and the Caroni Swamp are so full of the pestilential insects, that life amongst them is quite unbearable.

The pigeon, common to the island, is the size of a turtle dove. They go about in large flocks, roosting close to their feeding grounds, which they are habitually changing, so whether you strike them or not, depends on your luck. There is also a pigeon, as large as the paloma grande of the Argentine, which sometimes visits Trinidad, in large flocks, during the winter months. These birds fly from Venezuela and give magnificent sport. As many as two hundred and fifty have been shot by two guns, in one evening, as they came in to roost.

Little remains to be written of this trip. We had forty miles to drive back to Port of Spain. It was a beautiful evening, and quite cool after the heat of the day. I talked shooting with mine host the whole way back, and, when we parted, I went away with the idea that the West Indies were not quite so devoid of sport as the majority may imagine.

Our only other venture in the island was a trip up the stream leading to the Oropuch Swamp, just south of San Fernando. The chart shows only one foot of water at the entrance, but we were able to pilot in the barge, drawing 3ft. 6in., by sending a skiff ahead sounding. At high water it is only just possible to get under the bridge at the entrance. Once in the stream, there is at least seven feet everywhere. Although we explored both streams leading to the swamp, nothing was seen, except alligators, and the swamp itself was devoid of life, except for a few bitterns and waterfowl. I shot one alligator with No. 4's at fifteen yards range. The shot balled and knocked his eye out, thence penetrating the brain. He measured five feet and I kept his skull and skin as a "recuerdo." The banks of these streams are all thick mud and covered with mangrove trees. Walking is impossible, but it is quite amusing shooting at the alligators basking on the banks. You have to be quick, as they don't lose much time sliding into the water on your approach.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

Passing through the Panama Canal was a delightful experience. This work, I suppose, ranks as one of the finest engineering feats in the world. Once a hotbed of disease, this area is now perfectly healthy. In the early days of constructing the Canal, the workmen died from fever in appalling numbers. Eventually, a veritable army of doctors attacked the problem of ridding the place of mosquitoes, and, now, one is rarely seen. At the present day, Balboa possesses a mosquito expert, and any mosquito seen has immediately to be reported to him. I append some of Parnall's notes on the fishing which we experienced while in the Canal zone.

"The only occasion on which we met the world-famed tarpon was while fishing at Gatun, near the Atlantic Locks, in the Panama Canal. Whilst the ship was passing through the canal, we were informed that there was a Tarpon Club below the Gatun Dam, so on arrival at Panama, Harwood and I returned to Gatun by rail and were introduced to it.

"Below the dam, which contains a number of flood gates, there is a paved spill-way, which carries the surplus water into an arm of the sea, and it is at the point where the water flows over the spill-way that one can see the tarpon moving. Acting on the advice of the club attendant, we tried casting live bait into this water, first a biggish fish, rather like a mullet, and later a small one like a big minnow; this, however, was no good. The next day, five of us visited the river. On this occasion, the water was in better condition for fishing, as the flood gates were not open so much, and it was possible, with the help of steel-bladed boots, to get out on the spill-way and cast the bait right in the place where the fish occasionally showed themselves. Steel-shod boots were very necessary, as there was a little weed on the smooth surface of the spill-way, which prevented any hold being obtained with flat-soled shoes such as alpagatas. During the day, Edelsten, Harwood and I each got a tarpon of about 15 lbs., and they fought very well indeed for their weight, but we had strong tackle in anticipation of possible fifty pounders. Although we only got three fish, we had frequent strikes, but somehow they failed to take hold. I lost one, I am confident, by not driving the hook home on striking. It is very pretty fishing, both on the spill-way and down the banks, and I hear that a spoon is frequently successful. The really big fish do not seem to come up so far, and are to be found by taking a boat in the water near the sea and using a gorge bait: I believe that Admiral Rodman of the U.S. Navy, when he was in these parts some years ago, caught several of over 100 lbs. in this manner."



TORP'S SMILE OF
SUCCESS,
GATUN LOCKS.



FLAGS TRIUMPHANT, GATUN LOCKS.

SOUTH AMERICA

Continuing our journey down the West coast, we arrived at Corsia Bay just north of Chimbote, on *November 28*, and found a good landing place at the southern end of the Bay. We explored all the marshes which fringe the bay, but only saw two small flights of duck, which were too far away to allow of classification. The same evening the ship anchored in Chimbote Bay. The sailing directions state that lagoons close to shore contain many wildfowl, but nothing in the duck line has been seen on them for many years.

On arrival at Callao, I was fortunate in being introduced to Mr. Bailey, a very keen ornithologist. Lord William Percy, who is touring the world collecting duck, had been staying at Lima, shortly before our arrival, and he and Bailey had had many expeditions. The latter had also been a great friend of the late Lord Brabourne, who was making a collection of the birds of Peru before the war started (he went home at once and was unfortunately killed in France shortly after his arrival). He was the proud possessor of Taczanowski's *Ornithologie du Perou*, a book I had been trying to find for a long time. He had written to most of the leading booksellers in England to try and get this book, but had been unsuccessful, and it was at a sale of old books in the Club at Lima that he discovered the whole work in four volumes and bought them for two soles (4/8).

According to Lord William Percy, there is a very rare pochard in Peru; only eight specimens have ever been shot, and no one knows very much about it. The most likely places for it are around Mala and in the swamps, fifty miles inland from Independencia Bay. The most common duck of Peru are pintail and cinnamon teal. Owing to lack of time, we were never able to make expeditions to these places.

Shortly after our arrival at Valparaiso, I stayed with a Mr. Kenrick, a delightful Australian, who had a big lagoon about an hour and a half from Valpo, on which he got very good duck shooting. He spoke of a duck entirely black, except for its neck and breast, which were snowy white. I could not classify it, and so it was arranged to motor out there one day and investigate. Unfortunately, officialdom and strikes intervened, and we were unable to undertake the trip. I think the duck he mentioned must have been a domestic duck, which had broken away from

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

some cottage and started a breed of hybrids on its own, or possibly a white-faced duck. I gleaned some information from him as to the golden plover. They arrive, in large quantities, about the middle of May, shortly after the first rains, but they are so thin and out of condition that they are not worth shooting. They never stay more than a fortnight, and I am inclined to think these are the same birds that are met in Peru during June and July.

Our adventures at Maullin and Punta Arenas, during the trip south, have already been recorded in a previous chapter, so little remains to be told until we once again anchored in Golfo Nuevo, except our visit to the Guemales River, situated seventy miles up the Baker Channel, which is entered from the southern end of the Gulf of Penas.

The outlook from this anchorage was most unpromising, and I am sure that nobody expected to see a deer on the morrow.

To the north of the anchorage was the entrance to the Guemal River; a mass of sand and mudbanks, here and there intersected by a fairly deep stream. At the end of the river was an enormous glacier, stretching right to the water's edge, from which large lumps of ice floated down stream. Immediately above us were high mountains, the lower slopes quite impossible to climb, owing to the dense undergrowth and trees. Over the summit of the highest mountain, a glacier showed, which seemed ready to roll over the top at any minute and hit the ship. The sides of the river were also bounded by thick woods and high mountains. Along the northern shore of the estuary stretched mud flats and swamps with tall reeds. At the end of the river, before reaching the glacier, was a large swamp with a belt of trees running across it.

It poured with rain all night and continued the following morning, also bitterly cold. Nevertheless, two parties in skiffs set forth after breakfast. A. T. H., having landed one gun on the left bank (looking at the river from the ship) was going to try and push up the river as far as possible. Parnall and myself, having dropped Blackler on the point of the left bank, landed on one of the sand banks on the right, with the intention of pushing up into the hills heading for the end of the river. Shortly after A. T. H. had disappeared round the bend of the river, we heard shots and presumed that he must be firing at geese. Later,



TARPON FISHING IN THE SPILLWAY, GATUN.



GUEMALES RIVER SHOWING THE GLACIER.

SOUTH AMERICA

however, it transpired that he had seen a deer close to the shore amongst the trees and killed it after his third shot. This proved to be a guemal in excellent condition. Having paid the necessary attention to the deer in the way of paunching, etc., he again embarked with the intention of moving further up river, leaving the other gun behind. After going some way, he found the current too strong to allow the boat to get any further, so he landed and continued up the shore until he reached the belt of trees, where several deer were seen and many tracks. He eventually secured a fine buck, which carried six points—very abnormal in the guemal.

Parnall and I, shortly after landing, found comparatively fresh spoor, leading across the sand into the low scrub bordering the swamp. We were both very surprised at this, and were discussing the next move, when I suddenly spotted a buck, a hundred and fifty yards away, just crossing into the scrub. Neither of us had ever been more astonished in our lives. We never expected to see a deer, much less on a sand bank, since our previous experience had been 15,000 feet up in the Tucuman Hills. I waited until he had reached the scrub and then shot him, Parnall administering the *coup de grace*. Continuing our search we came across innumerable deer tracks, all leading towards the woods. We followed the main track for some distance and then discovered that, instead of leading up into the hills, it branched off and entered the far end of the swamp. To climb up the hill, through the thick undergrowth, seemed not only impossible but also quite useless, so we retraced our steps with the intention of beating out the scrub. A hurried lunch and then operations commenced. Although tracks were visible everywhere, no deer were seen, and it was evident that they had crossed the river, or else been frightened into the hills. The rain had now stopped and the sun was out. Beating through the scrub was, to put it plainly, the very devil. The bushes in most places were up to one's shoulder, and thickly clustered together. Many times I measured my full length in them, lying for two or three minutes to get my breath, swearing forcibly and sweating profusely. Also, the sun had brought out the flies and mosquitoes, and the latter had begun to make themselves felt. I did not see Parnall till we emerged and found ourselves within twenty yards of each other. Just after

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

hailing him I heard the unmistakable quack of a duck. Looking around I spotted six strange birds on a little stream, about forty yards away. Parnall had got his glasses on them too. "Strange duck," I whispered, "I am going to try and get one with my rifle." He wanted to wait till we could fetch our shot-guns, but I couldn't resist the temptation to shoot, more especially as I thought the duck would probably fly away if we delayed. So I fired and, to my intense joy, two duck remained on the water when the others made off. They proved to be white-faced duck (not to be confused with the white-faced tree duck, which is quite a different bird). The expanding bullet had hit one fair in the middle, and a splinter had evidently gone right through and hit the other duck in the chest. The latter was practically undamaged, and I skinned him later. Parnall was immensely pleased, because he had always held there was such a duck, but we had been rather sceptical. Shortly after, our shot-guns arrived, and we walked the marsh out, collecting four ashy-headed geese, three more white-faced duck and two snipe. We then returned to the ship, having twice had to get out in order to push the boat off mud banks. I must not forget to mention the quicksands. Although most of the walking over the sand and mudbanks is good, yet, in some places, you suddenly come on very dangerous quicksands. A slight tremor of the ground around, and you are in it. Parnall struck one, but was luckily able to draw his leg out again. However, it was a beastly experience, and, I am glad to say, not repeated.

On our arrival back, we heard that Harwood, Horn and Slipper had gone up the river in a skiff fitted with an "evenrude." They got further than the Admiral but, even with *Fanny* doing her best, and two oars as well, they couldn't make headway. By landing and "tracking" the boat, they managed to reach the swamp at the end of the river, and there, amongst the trees, Harwood bagged a young buck. Four other guns had landed further down the estuary to walk over the hills to the head of the river. Two of them fetched up, after a very difficult journey, at our starting point, and the other two, having reached their objective after great perseverance, found their only way back was over the same ground. They didn't get on board till 8.30, having been going over appalling country since 11 a.m. They

SOUTH AMERICA

were wet to the skin, as heavy rain had come on again since 5 p.m., also half frozen and absolutely dog-tired on arrival. A hot bath and strong toddies soon revived them, and they were none the worse for their profitless journey.

While at Golfo Nuevo, we again visited Pyramid Cove, and also a new place, called Cracker Bay. The copitons were very plentiful, and we enjoyed real good sport and exercise. The bags did not quite come up to last year's—perhaps we were not quite so energetic.

It had been arranged that we should meet the whole squadron at Maldonado for some really strenuous work (ask Harwood and Lane!), but again unforeseen circumstances intervened. After a few very pleasant days at Mar del Plata, playing golf on the finest course in South America, we proceeded to Maldonado. Here, without any warning, orders were given for the withdrawal of the squadron, as soon as possible. From the sporting point of view this was a great shock. The shooting season was now in its prime, and "Dorado" fishing at its best. However, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and, in this case, urgent defects and many other items of no interest to this book necessitated at least another month in the River Plate before it was possible to start for England. I will end by telling of our final shooting and fishing, which equalled any that we had had in the past.

CHAPTER XVI

DORADO FISHING—LAST SHOOT AT HEREFORD— AMEGHINO—CURUMALAN—FAREWELL.

Reference Map No. 5.

Our defects were to be taken in hand in Buenos Aires, and I think we were all delighted that our few remaining weeks in the country were to be spent at this hospitable place. Farewell dinners and dances followed each other in quick succession, all so enjoyable, yet tinged with regret at having to say good-bye to many real friends, who had done so much for our happiness.

Parnall and Harwood were able to get away to Concordia for some dorado fishing. Parnall here gives a description of this most fascinating sport.

“The dorado (*salminus brevidens*) is found in the Uruguay and Parana rivers and their tributaries. Very loosely speaking, one might say that he looks like a beautifully made, deep-bodied, golden salmon; a resemblance which is heightened by the fact that he possesses an adipose fin. His head, however, is really quite different, being much broader than that of a salmon, and he possesses an enormous mouth, most formidably armed with teeth. Both the inside of his mouth and the whole of his head and gill plates are exceedingly hard, and there is no doubt that many fish are lost because the hook has not penetrated as far as the barb. The golden colour arises from a deep yellow pigment in the skin below the scales, surrounding a black spot centred at the base of each single scale. The fins and tail are inclined to be more red than golden, and the latter has a black bar running longitudinally along its centre. As regards weight, a dorado of fifteen kilos (about 33 lbs.) is considered a very good fish to land: I am told that they have been seen of as much as fifty kilos weight, but if anything of this sort is ever hooked, he no doubt breaks the gear it is usual to use. Once hooked, he is a magnificent fighter,



TESH WITH DORADO.



DORADO FISHING IN THE URUGUAY RIVER ABOVE CONCORDIA.

SOUTH AMERICA

jumping continually, and fighting with head and tail. Captain Mallet tells of one, in the Alto Parana, which took out one hundred and seventy yards of line on the first rush before jumping, and then took him four miles down the stream and one back before he could be gaffed.

"Our experiences with the dorado were confined to four days on the Uruguay River near Concordia, in Entre Rios, which Harwood and I visited in March, 1921. General Harrison, who is himself a very keen fisherman, made all our arrangements and, as he was prevented by his engagements from leaving Buenos Aires, he sent us up to Concordia, to the care of Mrs. Harrison, who is also an expert with the dorado. Mrs. Harrison was already entertaining a small party and had made her headquarters on the railway, a few miles from the Salto Grande, i.e., Great Waterfall, the waters of which are considered to provide the best fish within five hundred miles of Buenos Aires. The river was reached by car from the railway and, although the camp was rather rough and there were a good many soft places in it, the Fords made no difficulties about getting through. Some short time previously, on returning from the river after sundown, the whole party got lost in one of the big paddocks, and after a long search for the fence, had to give it up and spend the night where they were, in the car; so, when we were there, it had become the practice to send one of the cars back, shortly before dusk, to put out a few oil lamps on points which had to be made to avoid the soft places and to reach the gates.

"A camping place had been fixed up on the river bank, and it was here that we met our hostess and her party. When the weather is settled, they sometimes camp out at this point, and so save the ten miles or so across camp, in the dark, after fishing.

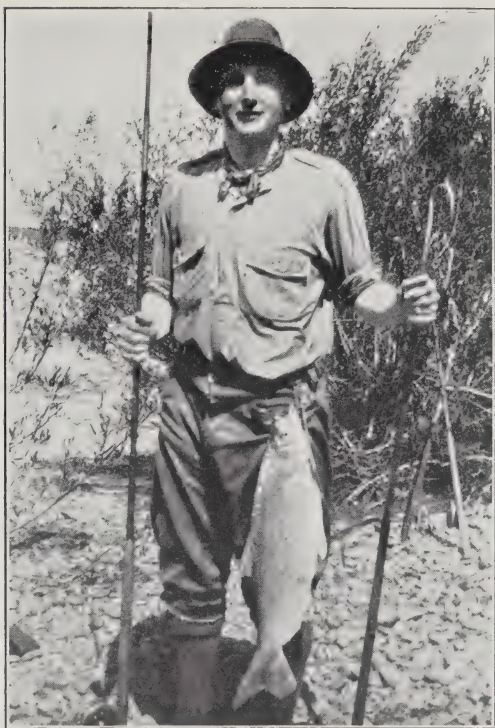
"At this point, where the river is about one mile wide, there is a drop in its bed some two miles long, and, throughout this distance, it is divided into innumerable channels by countless islands of volcanic origin, some of which are bare and others covered with shrubs. The nature of the water as it passes these islands varies according to the height of the river, which depends on the rainfall in southern Brazil. When we were there it was not high (registered as 2.80 metres at Concordia), but for fishing it would have been better rather lower. Under these conditions, there were actual waterfalls some few feet high at the upper end of the channel and islands, but, elsewhere, the water might be described as consisting of cascades, strong streams and pools amongst the islands. At the lower end of the islands, where the water becomes more continuous, streams and pools, formed by rocks (both submerged and showing above the surface), can be distinguished from one another when one is wading out to fish.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

“ Harwood and I made our first start under the guidance of Mr. H. J. Teschmaker, who had fished these waters several times previously. He led us out to a rock, at the lower end of the Salto Grande, which is a very famous place for dorado, but to which he had never actually been. Owing to the height of the water, it was hard for anyone, who was not well acquainted with the river bed, to reach this place ; consequently, before we got to the rock, we were all, more or less, in difficulty, and had each found more than one hole to take us up to our necks in water. I tried a path rather up stream from the rock and, just after Teschmaker reached it, I got carried away in the strong current, and, as I had not yet learnt that it was better to carry the rod point up stream, my rod got mixed up with the submerged rock and the wood of the middle joint was broken on one side ; subsequently, the split cane straightened itself out, and I was able to continue fishing with it. Eventually, Teschmaker, with the help of the gaffs, managed to get us all to the rock. There was a cold south wind blowing, so it was more than sufficiently chilly when we got out of the water, and we were not prepared to spend much time there or to investigate the stream very thoroughly ; moreover, we had taken a long time to get out and, with the evening coming on, we did no more than lose a couple of spoons and did not touch a fish. The experience of getting out there enabled us to find our way back with less difficulty, but we were glad to find a flask of whisky ashore and to shift into dry clothes at the camping place, before our return to the train for dinner.

“ The next day, the wind was still in the south, which is considered very bad for fishing, but we spent the day trying our luck ; in the morning, at the same place as before, though we did not attempt to get out as far as the famous rock, and, in the afternoon, amongst the streams between the islands in the upper part of the Salto Grande, in some of which the water looked very good indeed. However, with the exception of a very small native salmon, none of us had any luck. In the evening, the whole party returned to Concordia, except Mr. C. S. Teschmaker (who was on a visit from England), Harwood, and myself. During the afternoon, Mrs. Harrison, whilst returning from one of the islands by a route which she had not used before, was carried away with the current and bobbed down the stream, with the man who was carrying her gear, until they fetched up on a sandbank.

“ Owing to these experiences and from what we were told, we had become more accustomed, when we started out the next day, to the idea of having to swim, and appreciated the necessity for wearing something in the nature of bathing kit ; a custom which had struck us as being rather strange, when we first arrived. Also, by this time, we had become more skilful in walking about,



PARNALL WITH SALMON AT CONCORDIA.



AHLEES' OFFSPRING AT CURUMALAN.

SOUTH AMERICA

in rope-soled shoes, amongst the sharp rocks of the river bed, without knocking our feet about. We again started out towards the famous rock and I was able to get within thirty yards, or so, of it before losing my foothold. I brought up on a submerged rock, about knee deep, from where I made a few casts and hooked a fish. This one didn't jump, but gave me a good fight in the strong water, and, eventually, came to the gaff and turned out to be a native salmon of about seven pounds. I tied him on to my belt and made another effort to get the rock, but was once more washed away. By this time, I was becoming used to this method of progression, and finally, by letting the stream carry me from rock to rock, I came to the shore, and landed quite a long distance below where I had entered the river.

"In the afternoon, we were at the same spot again, and this time I was very soon into a real dorado, who ran and jumped quite 'in accordance with Cocker.' I shouted to Harwood, who, almost immediately, waved back that he had one on too. Neither of these fish turned out to be any size, as dorado run, but they gave us good sport and a glimpse of what it might be if one had a thirty-pounder hooked; the actual weight of mine was about eight pounds, and Harwood's was smaller. The day on which we had come up, C. Teschmaker had taken a dorado and, when passing a cord through his gills in order to carry him, the fish closed his mouth on his finger and nearly bit off the top, so we took very good care to push the rod butt down our fishes' throats before threading the string through.

"General Harrison has taken as many as fifteen good fish in a day in the Salto Grande, but, although we had comparatively poor sport there, it was a most fascinating experience on account of the unusual nature of the water fished. So far as one could see, the dorado lie in the same sort of place that one would expect a salmon to choose, and it is not difficult, in the wide expanse of water, to distinguish the succession of pools and streams.

"Our kit consisted of shirt and knickers, stockings and alpargatas (rope-soled shoes), and we carried tobacco and matches in our hats.

"All the time we were on the Uruguay River, we used spinning tackle and large spoons, as we had been told that this was the best thing to do. Captain Mallet says that he has taken small dorado on the salmon fly, but he does not think that it would be any good trying for big ones in this way, because, even if the fish took the fly, they would be bound to bite through the gut. If preparing for this kind of fishing, one could not do better than to obtain the stoutest spinning rod and the biggest silex reel in Hardy's shop. It is best to make one's own traces from stout

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

wire ; they need not be more than a couple of feet long, but should have at least three swivels.

"Spoons from three to seven inches long, or even bigger, should be used, depending on the state of the water, and the hook should have a very stout connection to the spoon and trace. The experts said that the common brazed ring was not good enough, and they recommended the use of loops of twisted wire.

"After catching our dorado in the Salto Grande, we returned to Concordia, and, the following day, tried the Salto Chico, which is a few miles above Concordia. The Salto Chico consists of two distinct falls in the river bed, about half a mile apart, with comparatively slack water between them. To reach them, we took a motor launch from Concordia, with a skiff in tow, so as to be able to land on the isolated rocks at the falls. The boatman was unable to give us any hints as to where to fish, and was distinctly pessimistic about our catching anything. However, we cast our spoons in the several runs below the falls, but with no result, although in some places the water looked just the kind to hold a fish. Subsequently, I heard that the place to get them is in the glassy slide just above the falls, though here, of course, it would be by no means easy to keep one's line taut. Not seeing any signs of fish, we made a short day of it and started to return about 5 p.m. We found that the motor-boat man had disarranged his engine and it refused to go, so we had to drift down, more or less towed by the skiff, until another launch picked us up off the town of Salto. We paid the boatman twenty dollars Argentine paper, which I fancy was at least twice as much as we ought to have done.

"It will be seen that we did not really do much with the dorado, but, indeed, we were lucky to get one at all, as the season was far advanced and, after we left, the river rose and became quite unfishable at the Salto Grande ; within a week of our departure, there was, I think, seven metres of water at Concordia. The best time of the year for these fish is November, and, if one was 'out for blood,' it would be best to take the train to Posadas and go up the Alto-Parana or one of its tributaries. This, of course, would involve much time, which was never available."

A large party visited Hereford and Ameghino. It was too early in the season to expect big bags of martinetta, and most of the shooting was confined to duck. Heavy rains had caused many floods in the camp, and a great deal of the hard dry ground of last year was now swamp. Duck were numerous. "Hereford" Brown and "Nick" Whitworth were in great form, and we had a most enjoyable time. The mosquitoes were appalling



MORRIS AND "PAT" AT HEREFORD.



GROUP AT AMEGHINO.

SOUTH AMERICA

and came out, literally in clouds, about sunset. We averaged roughly a hundred head of duck and teal a day. At Ameghino there was too much water, and shooting was not so good as previously. Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant time, and it was delightful seeing Mr. Wilson and his charming "señora" again.

A week later we paid a farewell visit to Mr. Gittins at Curumalan. Here we renewed acquaintance with "Ahlee." He had been given to Gittins by Parnall. He was now the proud father of six very nice-looking pups, and seemed very happy in his new surroundings. He recognised Parnall at once and accompanied him out shooting every day. The last view of "Ahlee" out shooting was seeing him going at full speed after a hare, gradually disappearing from view! He had evidently forgotten some of his good manners.

Our last day was confined to a shoot in the morning, and then, after lunch, we were lucky enough to witness some real horse breaking. None of us had ever had the opportunity of seeing this before, and to the uninitiated it is well worth describing.

It certainly comes under the heading of sport. The methods employed appear somewhat brutal, but are extraordinarily efficient, and one very noticeable feature about horses tamed in the Argentine is their beautiful mouths. The slightest touch on the reins is usually sufficient to bring a horse to a standstill, even when at the gallop. Up to two years old the horses are allowed to run absolutely wild in the camp. They are then rounded up and driven into a corral. This corral is connected with another by a narrow passage, just wide enough for a horse to walk down, and having drop gates at various intervals. The distance between the gates is just the length of a horse. An animal is then singled out for breaking, and by dint of much shouting and driving is eventually ensconced in the narrow passage and the gates shut on him. In this cramped space the unfortunate beast goes nearly frantic. They kick and plunge about madly, and I have seen several horses completely capsize themselves and lie on their backs, unable to get up, with all four feet thrashing the air. During this exhibition, peons, sitting on top of the gate, have been endeavouring to get a halter, to which is attached about four yards of rawhide, on the horse's head. They are adepts at this, although to the onlooker

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

it seems nigh impossible. The horse's hind legs are usually hobbled at the same time. The rawhide lead is then manned by three peons, the gates opened, and the horse is hustled into the other corral. A strong post is in the centre of the corral, and the idea now is to get the horse near enough to the post to take a turn round it. This sometimes takes a long time. The horse, finding himself in an open space again, proceeds to go completely "loco." His hobbled hind-legs hamper him a lot, and are often the cause of his turning a complete somersault. All this time the three peons are gradually getting nearer the post. Some horses realise that it is these men that are causing him so much inconvenience, and, instead of trying to break away, will go straight for them. This is very dangerous and it requires a lot of skill and resource to prevent damage. Eventually, a turn is taken round the post. Then two ridden tame horses hustle him from each side towards the post, the peons keeping a taut strain on the rawhide the whole time. By this method, the horse is finally close up to the post, with his head about two feet off. Then saddling commences. This requires much patience and expert handling. One peon puts his hand over the horse's left eye, so that he cannot see what is going on, while another approaches gingerly and very quietly puts the first "numbner" on. This is usually a signal for further bucks. Finally, with much care, all the parts of the saddle are on his back. Then comes the trouble of "cinching up," or tightening the girths. The girth at this time is hanging down on the off side. Presently you see a peon slowly put his leg under the horse's belly and, catching the girth in his foot, draw it towards him. Never lean under and try and get it with your hand. "Cinching up" is the hardest part of all. The horse almost invariably bucks and, in its mad antics, will probably fall over, chucking off saddle and all, necessitating a fresh start. Securely "cinched," a piece of rawhide is then tied firmly, even cruelly, round the lower jaw of the animal, the two ends forming the reins. This is comparatively simple, as his head is so close to the post. Off hobbles—no easy job, without getting kicked—and the horse is ready for leading out into the open camp. I mention "leading," but remember, this horse has no idea of being led or guided. He either goes for the men trying to lead him or else, instinctively, keeps backing away all the time. Here the



BOOSTING A HORSE OUT OF THE CORRAL.



HORSE TAMING. READY TO MOUNT.

SOUTH AMERICA

men on the tame horses are so wonderful—they, literally, keep charging their horses into his hind quarters, boosting him through the gates of the corral into the open camp. Mounting is the next difficulty. Some horses will never allow the tamer near enough to get into the saddle. The only resort is for the tamer to get up behind the peon on one of the tame horses and then try and range up alongside the untamed animal; then, at the psychological moment, jump from one horse on to the other. Stirrups play a small part in their riding. At the best, they only have their toe in them, but on most of the unbroken horses I have seen ridden, the rider never had his feet in the stirrups at all. Most peons can sit a straightforward buck, but it takes an expert to ride the devil that twists the same time as he bucks. I believe the rider must be always watching the horse's head, and the best tamers can foretell which way to expect the twist. Certainly, it has appeared to me, on several occasions, that the rider leant over before a twist buck, as though he knew exactly where to expect it. Their riding is magnificent and they seem to revel in it, shouting at the top of their voices and laughing the whole time, rowelling with spurs. As the animal has no idea of being steered, it is free to go in any direction it likes, and as under these conditions it loses all sense of direction, it may charge full tilt into a fence or anything. To prevent this, two tame horses are always ridden, one each side of the buck, and the clever way in which these fellows keep him in the open is wonderful. At the end, the horse has usually recognised its master and given up bucking. Chiefly, I think, because, by this time, it is absolutely tired out. Hardly surprising, considering all it has been through. Horses vary very much—some never buck again, some never buck at all, and some are never tamed, but the latter are an exception. The horse-tamers are fine men and absolutely fearless. They don't keep on at the game for many years, and most of them in their old age have a broken arm, leg, or rib to remind them of their horse-taming days.

Little now remains to be said. We received a magnificent send off, hosts of friends coming down to the docks to bid us farewell. For the first few days after leaving, not many of us showed much elation at the thought of "England, Home and Beauty." But now! England is ever England and this is nothing to do with the story.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

Bag from June 20, 1919, to April 15, 1921.

6	Guemal	} Deer
1	Corzuela	
13	Pampas	
22	Guanaco	
1	Ant Bear	
2	Wild Goats	
4	Peccary	
15	Capybara	
5	Racoons (2 kinds)	
2	Alligators	
3	Cavy	
714	Hares	
38	Rabbits	
8	Viscacha	
1	Nutria	
11	Rhea (2 kinds)	
8	Guan (2 kinds)	
2130	Large Tinamou (3 kinds)	
12496	Small Tinamou (2 kinds)	
18	Swan (2 kinds)	
3	Flamingo	
659	Geese (4 kinds)	
2505	Ducks (13 kinds)	
1398	Teal (7 kinds)	
2513	Snipe (2 kinds)	
72	Seed Snipe (3 kinds)	
184	Plover (5 kinds)	
52	Whimbrel	
480	Doves	
106	Various (Ibis, Rails, etc.)	
<hr/> 23,470		Grand Total

The "ocean rod" accounted for nine fish, weighing 900 lbs., best fish, an albacore, weight 162 lbs.; three small tarpon, two dorado and one salmon, were caught on hand rods, also some two hundred and fifty trout; best trout, 4½ lbs.

APPENDIX

I have included this in the book with the object of providing a ready reference for the sportsman, which may help in identifying any gamebird or wildfowl he may shoot, and may give him some idea of where to get shooting and what to expect in the way of game.

The duck shooting in South America is excellent, and my advice to the shot-gun enthusiast visiting this continent, is to concentrate on duck and snipe. Being an enthusiast myself, especially where duck are concerned, I have included a list of practically all the ducks that may be met with, and I hope the somewhat curtailed descriptions of them may be clear enough to allow of their identification when shot.

Parnall and I had many arguments as to the best way of describing a bird clearly without going into technical language, and I trust that frequent altercations will have produced the required result as contained in the following list.

Lists of Swan, Geese, Snipe, Tinamou, and Plover follow the Duck with less attention to detail. May they suffice for the purpose intended.

DUCK.

ANTARCTIC DUCK. (*Anas cristata*)

In Southern Patagonia, known as the "Brown" duck; general appearance, brown. Very conspicuous speculum, bronzy-crimson, appears green from some angles. Has crest on head. Length 21 in. Common in S. Patagonia and Falkland Islands.

WHITE-FACED DUCK. (*Anas specularis*)

Similar to Antarctic duck, but brighter speculum, and has prominent white blotch on each cheek and a white throat. Speculum, broad, shiny, bronzy-crimson band, whole bordered above and below with narrow white band. Wings black with greenish gloss. Feet, orange. Length 21 in. Only specimens shot were in Patagonian Channels at Guemales River.

FULVOUS TREE DUCK. (*Dendrocygna fulva*)

Chestnut and black, with exceptionally long, blue, slaty legs. Head chestnut with black band down nape of neck. Body, above black banded with chestnut; below, chestnut and fulvous. Wings black with chestnut coverts. Length 18 in. Most specimens shot at Santa Fé and up the Paraguay River and Parana. Also found in Brazil.

APPENDIX

- WHITE-FACED TREE DUCK.** (*Dendrocyna viduata*) Face and spot on the throat, white. General plumage similar to though darker than Fulvous tree duck. Length 17 in. Most specimens shot at Goya and Esquina (Parana River). Also found in Brazil and Paraguay.
- GREY-BREASTED TREE DUCK.** (*Dendrocyna discolor*) Grey. Head brownish-black, sides ochraceous ashy. Bill coral red, orange above. Body, above dark chestnut brown; below, greyish, running to deep black. Wings black, white coverts. Feet black. Length 19 in. No specimen was seen. Frequent Brazil and Paraguay.
- MUSCOVY DUCK.** (*Cairina moschata*) Head brownish black; red caruncles on face. Bill, dirty black and white, in bars. Body, above greenish purple; below, brownish black, banded with narrow white lines. Wings black, coverts white. Length 29 in. Found in N. Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay. Specimens shot at Embarcacion.
- CARUNCULATED DUCK.** (*Sarcidionis carunculatus*) General appearance, black and white. Head white spotted with black. Bill black, black caruncle. Body, above, black glossed green; below, dirty white. Tail brown. Wings black, green gloss. Length 30 in. Found in N. Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay.
- BLACK-HEADED DUCK.** (*Heteronetta melanocephalia*) Dirty-looking duck. Head black, flesh coloured basal spot each side of bill. Bill blackish. Body, above brownish black, vermiculated with rufous; below, dirty white, freckled with rufous. Feet horny brown. Length 14.5 in. Specimens shot at Lincoln and Ameghino (Argentina). Also found in Chili, Paraguay and Brazil.
- RED-EYED POCHARD.** (*Nyroca erythro*): (*Fuligula Nationi*) Bright red eye. Head dark chestnut, purple gloss. Bill, pale yellowish brown. Body, above glossy, blackish brown; below, chest brown. Abdomen glossy, greyish brown. Speculum white, black band below. Wings glossy blackish brown, coverts pale brown. Feet yellowish brown. Length 19.5 in. Very rare. Peru and Brazil.
- ROSY-BILLED DUCK.** (*Metopiana peposaca*) Head black, with purplish tinge. Bill rosy red, enlarged at base. Body, above black, finely striated with white; below, grey and white, vermiculated. Speculum white. Feet pale brown. Wing feathers greyish white, coverts white. Length 19 in. Female is of a duller colouring with dirty coloured bill. Most specimens shot at Ibicuy. Found in Paraguay, Patagonia, Uruguay, Chili, and Argentina.
- BROWN PINTAIL.** (*Dafila Spinicauda*) Commonest duck in S. America. General appearance, brown. Speculum bronzy black, margined above and below with buff. Bill black, yellow at base. Length 19 in.

APPENDIX

BAHAMA PINTAIL.
(*Dafila bahamensis*)

Pure white throat, cheeks and front of neck. Top of head brownish black. Bill black, with red spot at base each side. Body, above reddish brown, feathers having black centres. Speculum bronzy green, margined above and below by fawn-coloured band, lower having interior black margin. Wings dark slaty black, secondaries edged with fawn. Feet brown. Length 18 in. Most specimens shot at Madariaga (Prov. of Buenos Aires). Common to S. America.

CHILOE WIGEON.
(*Mareca sibilatrix*)

Front and cheeks dirty white. Back of head shining greenish purple. Bill slaty blue, black tip. Body, above black, margined with white; upper breast with narrow white cross bands; whole stained rusty rufous. Wings brown, lesser coverts white. Secondaries velvety black, white at the base. Feet slaty. Length 20 in. Most specimens shot in S. Patagonia. Also found in Argentine, Chili, Uruguay, Paraguay.

RED SHOVELLER.
(*Spatula platalea*)

Head reddish, with small black spots. Bill slaty. Body reddish, tail brown. Wings brownish black, lesser coverts blue. Secondaries bronzy black, scapulars shafted with white. Feet yellow. Length 18 in. Only duck with shovel-shaped bill. Common in Argentine, Uruguay, Patagonia, Chili.

TEAL.

GREY TEAL.
(*Querquedula*
versicolor)

Head light buff, with smoky brown cap. Bill light blue, with yellow blotch each side. Body, above greyish brown, rump grey, finely banded with black; below greyish brown, with distinct black spots on chest and underwings. Speculum purplish green, margined above and below with white; subterminal black band. Wings brown. Coverts greyish brown. Feet plumbeous. Length 16.5 in. Most specimens shot up Uruguay River at Ameghino and Ibicuy. Common to South America.

PUNA TEAL.
(*Querquedula puna*)

Similar to Grey Teal, only bill is all blue. Only found at high altitudes in the Cordilleras of Peru and Bolivia and Chili.

**YELLOW-BILLED
TEAL.**
(*Querquedula*
flavirostris)

Head slaty brown, barred with narrow black bands. Bill yellow, culmen and tip black. Body, above rufous; centre of feathers black, edged pale brown. Rump paler. Abdomen whitish, breast spotted with black. Speculum black, margined above and below ochraceous, bronzy-green blotch in centre. Wings slaty. Length 12 in. Common to Argentine, Chili, Patagonia.

SHARP-WINGED TEAL.
(*Querquedula*
oxyptera)

Similar to Yellow-billed Teal. Length 15 in. Only found in the higher altitudes of Cordilleras of Peru, Bolivia and Chili.

APPENDIX

CINNAMON TEAL.
(*Querquedula*
cyanoptera)

Head bright chestnut. Bill black. Body, above chestnut running to black; below, chestnut. Speculum glossy green, margined above with white. Wings blackish, coverts pale blue. Feet yellow. Length 18 in. Common to S. America.

RING-NECKED TEAL.
(*Querquedula*
torquata)

Head grey black on top, extending to half collar on neck. Bill blue, with black tip. Body, above olive, running to black, with chestnut scapulars; below, light rufous-speckled black, running to grey finely speckled. Wings, primaries brownish black, secondaries bronzy green with a large white blotch on the coverts. Feet flesh colour. Length 14 in. Specimens shot near Paranacitos (Ibicuy) and Embarcacion. Common to N. Argentina, Paraguay.

BRAZILIAN TEAL.
(*Querquedula*
Brasiliensis)

Head, brownly rufous. Bill, crimson lake. Body, above brown, slightly banded breast washed with rusty red. Speculum blue, green and white. Wings brownish black, outer webs bronzy green. Tips white, divided by black band. Feet red. Length 15.5 in. Most specimens shot up Paraguay River. Also found in N. Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil.

TINAMOU.

There are seventy different kinds of tinamou in S. America. They correspond to the common partridge in England, but, in reality, belong to the emu tribe. They differ greatly in size and plumage, the largest being the Solitary Tinamou, length 20 inches, and the smallest the little whistling bird of the Cordoba Hills, called Pentlands Tinamou, measuring 8 inches. Many of these birds are only obtainable in the thick forest, where they are not worth shooting (except from the collector's point of view), or by taking very long trips into the interior, which are rarely feasible. I therefore intend only to mention the more common varieties. With the exception of the Brown Tinamou of Chili, all varieties mentioned hail from Argentina, although, in some cases, common to a greater part of S. America. Most of them afford comparatively easy shooting, but, in a high wind, great sport can be had, especially when shooting over a wire.

Tinamou, unlike the partridge, never go about in coveys, and almost invariably get up singly, except the Copitone, which are often found in groups of fifteen to twenty. Dogs are not essential, but a great help when shooting tinamou, as they lie very close; also a dog is a most valuable assistant in finding and retrieving the birds, which have the habit of stowing themselves away in the most impossible places. These birds cannot be driven satisfactorily, as they never remain on the wing long enough. They are all good eating, but rather dry.

MARTINETTA.

Sometimes called "Red Wing" or "Colorado." About the size of a hen pheasant. General appearance, darkish grey with prominent reddish brown wings. Always lives in the long grass. Favourite feeding ground, maize fields. Usually found in batches. Ranges from Bahia Blanca to Paraguay. Scarce in Uruguay.

APPENDIX

- COPITONE, or
CRESTED TINAMOU.** Same size as Martinetta. Pepper and salt colour all over, with prominent crest. Usually found on dry, arid ground. Very common in Patagonia, and has now well extended into the province of Buenos Aires.
- SPOTTED TINAMOU,
or "CHICO."** Very abundant on the camps of Uruguay and Argentina, as far south as the Colorado River. Commonest tinamou of S. America.
- DARWIN'S TINAMOU.** Smaller and darker than the "Chico" and similar in habits. Only found from Bahia Blanca well into Patagonia and Chili.
- CINEREOUS TINAMOU,
or "MONTERAZ."** About the size of a French partridge. Grey all over. Inhabits the "monte," on the foothills of the Argentine, around Cordoba and Tucuman.
- BROWN TINAMOU.** The commonest tinamou of Chili.

SWAN.

- BLACK-NECKED SWAN.** Easily identified by its black neck.
- COSCOROBA SWAN.** White, with pink bill and feet. They are common in the province of Buenos Aires and Southern Patagonia. They rarely afford sporting shots and are poor eating.

GEESE.

- ANDEAN GOOSE.** As its name implies, is only found in the higher ranges of the Andes. General colouring, black and white.
- UPLAND GOOSE.** There are two varieties of this bird. One supposed to be more "barred" than the other. It is very hard for anyone, except the experts, to tell the difference. The general colouring of the male is grey and white, the chest and back being barred with black. The female is brown, barred with black. These birds are very common in the Falklands and Southern Patagonia. They range as far north as Bahia Blanca. In the latter locality they are very wild and afford good sport.
- ASHY-HEADED
GOOSE.** Frequents the same localities as the Upland goose. Also found in the Patagonian Channels. The only goose with a grey head.
- RUDDY-HEADED
GOOSE.** Sometimes called "Brent." A smaller variety than previously mentioned. Usually accompanies the flocks of Upland geese. The only goose with a chestnut head.

APPENDIX

KELP GOOSE.

Male, white. Female, brown and black. Lives on kelp, and is not worth shooting. Cannot be eaten.

NORTH BRAZILIAN GOOSE.

Sometimes called "Spinx's goose." Inhabits Brazil and the N. Argentine and Eastern Peru. Smaller than the ruddy-headed goose. Wings metallic green, with a purple gloss. Speculum white. Tail black, white under. Head, neck and chest whitish grey. Eye, brown. Feet yellowish flesh colour. Length 20 in.

SNIFE.

Three varieties are all that are of interest to the sportsman.

PARAGUAYAN SNIFE.

The common snife which is found in most parts of the world. They are abundant in the province of Enteros and Buenos Aires, also S. Patagonia and the Falklands.

STRICKLAND'S SNIFE.

When the first specimen is seen it will undoubtedly be mistaken for a woodcock. No description is therefore necessary, as the real woodcock does not exist in S. America. The hills of S. Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego are the only places I know of where this bird is found. In winter they may come down to the marshes of the lowlands.

GIANT SNIFE.

A sub-tropical bird. I know of one specimen being shot near Embarcacion. The only other specimen I saw was in the museum at Rio de Janeiro. This bird, as its name implies, is gigantic. Total length is about 18 in. The beak of one I saw measured 5 in.

PLOVER.

Of the several varieties of plover in S. America only two are worth mentioning here—the Slender-billed Plover and Golden Plover. The former frequent the open camps of the Argentine and Patagonia, in large flocks, and are excellent eating. The natives call them "chorlos." The Golden Plover is identical with that shot in England. They only visit S. America at various times of the year (as explained elsewhere), and we never had the luck to run across them.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

